

PR 6025

.A77 T7

1910

Copy 2

**THE TRAGEDY**  
**OF**  
**POMPEY THE GREAT**

**BY**  
**JOHN MASEFIELD**

**BOSTON**  
**LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY**  
**1910**



THE TRAGEDY OF  
POMPEY THE GREAT



THE TRAGEDY  
OF  
POMPEY THE GREAT

BY  
JOHN MASEFIELD  
''

BOSTON  
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY  
1910

Copy 2

PR 6025  
.A77.T7  
1910  
copy 2

Copyright, 1910,  
By JOHN MASEFIELD.

---

*All rights reserved*

©CLD 20780 C



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

TO  
MY WIFE





## ARGUMENT

IN the years 50 and 49 B.C., Cneius Pompeius Magnus, the head of the patrician party, contested with C. Julius Cæsar, the popular leader, for supreme power in the State. Their jealousy led to the troubles of the Civil War, in which, after many battles, Cneius Pompeius Magnus was miserably killed.

ACT I. The determination of Pompeius to fight with his rival then marching upon Rome.

ACT II. The triumph of Pompey's generalship at Dyrrachium. His overthrow by the generals of his staff. His defeat at Pharsalia.

ACT III. The death of that great ruler on the seashore of Pelusium in Egypt.

## PERSONS

ANTISTIA.

PHILIP.

A Lute-Girl.

CORNELIA.

JULIA.

Q. CAECILIUS METELLUS PIUS SCIPIO.

CNEIUS POMPEIUS MAGNUS (called Pompey the Great).

CNEIUS POMPEIUS THEOPHANES.

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO.

A Gaulish Lancer.

LUCIUS DOMITIUS AHENOBARBUS.

COTTA, a Centurion.

MARCUS ACILIUS GLABRIO.

LUCIUS LUCCEIUS.

LUCIUS AFRANIUS.

PUBLIUS LENTULUS SPINTHER.

A Ship-Captain.

A Ship-Boy.

A Mate.

A Boatswain.

ACHILLAS EGYPTIAN.

LUCIUS SEPTIMIUS.

Centurions, Sentries, Soldiers, Trumpeters, Sailors.

	SCENE.	TIME.
ACT I.	Rome.	January A.U.C. 705 (B.C. 50).
ACT II.	{ Dyrrachium.	July A.U.C. 706.
	{ Pharsalia.	August A.U.C. 709 (June B.C. 48).
ACT. III.	Pelusium.	September A.U.C. 706 (Aug. B.C. 48).

# THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT

- : -

## ACT I

*A room in POMPEY'S house near Rome. Walls hung with draperies of a dark blue. Doors curtained. Balcony, open, showing distant lights. A gong and mallet. Wine, glasses, etc. Papers in a casket. Lamps.*

*Horns without as troops pass. ANTISTIA alone, lighting lamps with a taper.*

ANTISTIA [*looking towards the window*]. More soldiers. Blow your horns. Spread your colours, ensign. Your colours 'll be dust the sooner. Your breath will be in the wind, a little noise in the night. That's what you come to, soldiers. Dust, and a noise in the trees. Dust, and the window rattling. No more flags and horns then. [*Lighting the last lamp.*] I wish I knew the rights of it. [*Setting books on table.*] I wish Philip would come.

A VOICE [*without, in the balcony*]. Pompey.

ANTISTIA. What was that?

THE VOICE. Pompey.

ANTISTIA [*frightened*]. Who calls Pompey?

THE VOICE. Not so loud. Not so loud, Pompey.

ANTISTIA. What is it? What d' you want with Pompey?

THE VOICE. Philip must tell Pompey at once.

ANTISTIA. What must he tell him?

THE VOICE. To stamp his foot at once.

ANTISTIA. To stamp his foot at once?

THE VOICE [*amid laughter*]. Stamp your foot, Pompey. Aha! Ha! Pompey.

ANTISTIA [*going to the window*]. What's this? Who are you?

THE VOICE [*going*]. Aha! Pompey. Stamp your feet, Pompey.

ANTISTIA [*going to a door R. scared*]. Philip, Philip.

PHILIP [*putting down tray*]. What's the matter? What's happened?

ANTISTIA. There was a voice. A voice. Something at the window. Jeering Pompey.

PHILIP [*opening window*]. Come out of that. There's no one there now. Was it a man?

ANTISTIA. There was no one. It had a man's voice. It spoke. It laughed.

PHILIP. It's gone. It's gone, my dear. Don't. Don't. It's gone.

ANTISTIA. They say that the dead come back. To cry in the night [*pause*] whenever bad times are coming. Dead men's souls. They want blood. Licking. Licking blood in the night. Whenever Rome's in danger.

PHILIP. Hush. Hush. Don't talk such things. It gives them life. What was it saying?

THE VOICE. Stamp your foot, Pompey. Stamp your foot, Pompey.

ANTISTIA. Ah!

PHILIP [*exorcising at window, with things from tray*]. Wine for blood. [*Pours wine.*] Bread for flesh. [*Breaks bread.*] Salt for life. [*Flings salt.*] A cloak of blue on Rome. A net of gold over this house. To the desert. To the night without stars. To the wastes of the sea. To the two-forked flame. [*Returning heavily.*] God save my dear master, Pompey. I fear there's trouble coming.

ANTISTIA [*hysterically*]. Ah! Ah!

PHILIP [*pouring water*]. Drink this. Drink this. I'll fetch another glass.

ANTISTIA [*hysterically*]. Not off that tray. Not off that tray.

PHILIP. There. There. God save us! Why, Antistia, they've no power.

ANTISTIA. I see the marching of armies. Dust. Dust. That is what the trumpets mean. War. Civil War. Pompey and Cæsar. Like eagles struggling.

PHILIP. No, No. Don't say that. You bring things to pass.

ANTISTIA. What else could it mean? What did it mean?

PHILIP [*distractedly*]. I don't rightly know what it said.

ANTISTIA. About stamping? About Pompey stamping?

PHILIP. Pompey said it. In the Senate yesterday. Reports came in. There was a panic. The Senators were at their wits' ends. News came that Cæsar was marching on Rome. They asked Pompey if he had an army. If he could defend them.

ANTISTIA. Is Cæsar coming?

PHILIP. It was one of these wild rumours.

ANTISTIA. What did Pompey say?

PHILIP. He said if he stamped his foot, soldiers would spring up all over Italy. Armies of soldiers. To drive Cæsar back into Gaul.

ANTISTIA. And now he must stamp his foot. Cæsar's on the road with his army.

PHILIP. It's time for the house to shake when the door-posts quarrel. [*Pausing at distant tumult.*]

ANTISTIA. They're proud ones, to set the world on fire so as one of them may warm his hands.

PHILIP. Pompey's only defending the State.

ANTISTIA [*to Cæsar's bust*]. Make the deserts quags of blood, Cæsar. Go on in your pride. Till the Kings of the world sweep your stables. You'll come to be a dumb thing, tied in a sheet, carried out foot-foremost. You won't know whether it's tar or spice they'll smear you with, to make you burn. And when you're dust, you'll fill a little pot, Cæsar, a little metal pot on a shelf. Go pray, man. The primrose the rabbit eats will be a prouder thing than Cæsar that day.

PHILIP [*at bust*]. He thinks he's a great one, Cæsar does, now that he's conquered Gaul. What are the Gauls? The Gauls are naked heathen, with copper swords like the savages. Why, Cæsar would never have been anybody if Pompey had n't backed him.

ANTISTIA. That's reason enough for him to fight Pompey now.

PHILIP. Pompey made him what he is. Pompey got him his place in Gaul. He was no one before that. [*Pause.*] And now he hopes to put Pompey down. So he can rule Rome instead. Put my master Pompey down.

ANTISTIA. I suppose Cæsar could n't beat Pompey, Philip?

PHILIP. Antistia. [*Solemnly.*] Don't you talk like that, Antistia. I believe wherever Pompey goes, there goes a god in front of him. Like fire. It's that makes him what he is. Oh, my dear beloved master. I'm that drove

mad, I can't hardly talk of it. That he should have a civil war with Cæsar. And him only newly married.

ANTISTIA. It was a civil war that first made Pompey famous, Philip.

PHILIP. He was with Sulla, against Marius. In the civil wars then. And ever since then he's gone on. Just as though a god went before him, brushing a road for him. You would see nothing but dangers all round. And Pompey would ride up. And [*he blows in his hand*] puff. They'd fade. They'd go. [*Pause.*] I've seen all Rome out on the roofs to see my master, Pompey. Triumph? There were horns blowing, you could n't hear. And forty kings marching barefoot in the streets. I've seen him grow to be the greatest man in the world.

ANTISTIA. Eh? The greatest man in the world. And all through being with Sulla in the civil war. Supposing he were not great, Philip. Only a big clay statue. A statue propped up by sticks. A clay thing, gilded. Rats gnawing at it. The wind shaking it. The sun cracking it. [*Pause.*] And dead men, Philip. Dead men underneath it in the dust, fumbling at it to bring it down.

PHILIP. Antistia.

ANTISTIA. Time brings all about they say. You spoke of Sulla, Philip. I was a little girl then, when Marius and Sulla fought. My father was a centurion under Marius. I never told you that. What do you know of me, Philip, except that I'm to marry you? I was in the street outside our house, and some men came across the road. They patted my head and asked if my father was upstairs. I said yes, Philip. And they went in and brought him out. Out to the door in the sun. Some boys gathered to watch. I ran up to him, Philip, to show him my doll. And one of the men said, 'We'll give you Marius.' He was behind my father. He swung his arm right back like this, to give his sword a sweep. He knocked my dada down with a great hack on the neck, and they all stabbed him as he fell. One of the men said, 'There's your dada, little girl; run and tell mother.' And then one of the boys knelt down and stole his sandals, and another snatched my doll away. Time brings all about, Philip. All the lives spilt then by Pompey and Sulla. They are coming out of the night. Out of Spain. Out of Rome. Out of Asia. Souls have power, Philip, even in the darkness, when the time comes.

PHILIP [*awed*]. What time?

ANTISTIA. Pompey's time. There. There. It's beginning. [*Noise of a tumult. The horns of Soldiers.*] They begin like that, Philip. Trumpets. Trumpets. Scarlet scarves on the brass. Brass on strong men's bodies. They're very proud. For things that go from the prison of a womb to the prison under the grass, they're very proud. When they march to the trumpet, they forget that women bore them. Women bore them in agony. Not for that, one would think.

PHILIP [*at window*]. Some of Rome seems to be burning. Pray God the Senate's safe. [*Pause.*] We shall have to put off our marriage, Antistia.

ANTISTIA. Why, thus it is. We put off and put off till youth's gone, and strength's gone, and beauty's gone. Till two dry sticks mumble by the fire together, wondering what there was in life, when the sap ran.

PHILIP. I must be with my master, Antistia.

ANTISTIA. Your master. When you kiss the dry old hag, Philip, you'll remember these arms that lay wide on the bed, waiting, empty. Years. You'll remember this beauty. All this beauty. That would have borne you sons; but for your master. [*A noise of a lute off.*] Your mistress too, perhaps. Here she comes. Here comes the young wife, that will have little joy of her man. She with her lute girl, twanging a march for her. Here she comes. Open the door.

PHILIP. Our mistress.

*Enter, preceded by a Lute-player (girl), CORNELIA and JULIA. The Servants place chairs for the ladies. The Lutenist stands.*

CORNELIA. That will do, Antistia. Philip, your master will need an escort from the Senate-house. Please tell the Captain of the Guard. [*Exeunt PHILIP and ANTISTIA.*]

JULIA. Why do you always have music when you walk about? I mean, what's your idea?

CORN. That? [*Pause.*] When my first husband was abroad with the army. In Parthia. Before he was killed. I used to have music. When you are thinking of some one, music seems to point your thoughts right into the person's heart. Does n't it? Music is very wonderful. And then it is a part of law. It times one's thoughts to law.

JULIA. That's where you are so wonderful. I suppose that is what life really is. To time one's thoughts to law, as you say. But tell me. What's going to happen? Is Cæsar really going to fight your husband, or is it only a feint to get your husband out of Rome? I suppose it's all right? She does n't understand?

CORN. No. Oh, no. I don't know what to think, Julia. He's a real danger. He's got such power with the mob. He appeals to the very dregs of the populace.

JULIA. I think all such appeals show such a want of imagination.

CORN. He's got this great army in Gaul, just on our borders. Of course, that's a very great menace.

JULIA. But what do you suppose his plans are? What does he want?

CORN. He wants to rule Rome as a Dictator. But he plans first to be elected Consul. He is lying in Gaul there, thinking, I think, to frighten every one into electing him. You can tell, from that one fact, how unsafe law and property would be if he were elected.

JULIA. Yes. Of course. For of course all his mob of followers would want plunder. I wish you could make your husband put down all this rioting. [*Noise without.*]

CORN. I'm afraid it does us no good. But my husband's so much loved, there's always a crowd outside the Senate.

JULIA. And then Cæsar's party tries to drive them away, I suppose.

CORN. Yes. Pickpocket politics. Theophanes calls it. I forget. Have you met Theophanes?

JULIA. The Greek historian? He's stopping with you? No, I never met him. What sort of man is he?

CORN. One cannot help admiring him. He believes so tremendously in the future of Rome. He's a great admirer of my husband.

JULIA. What are his books like? I've heard so much about them.

CORN. They're very interesting. He thinks that a state like Rome, which is strong enough to create law, should impose her law all over the world.

JULIA. I see. What does your husband think?

CORN. He thinks that Theophanes is right, up to a certain point. But he's beginning to feel that the Colonies never become really Roman. They are little bad bits of



Rome planted down in the wilds. They attract the idle young men who want to escape the responsibilities of modern life. And the army is the same. Patriotism is no longer a duty. It is an opportunity for disorderly living.

JULIA. For hysteria. I know that hysterical verse they write. I picture a little low mannikin, whose mind strides a war-horse because his body strides a stool. He avenges bloodily the destiny he dare n't alter.

CORN. [*going to the window*]. I wish my father would come in, Julia. I'm anxious about the debate. What has the Senate decided? [*She walks up and down.*]

JULIA. Of course the Senate will decide that Cæsar must dismiss his army. I don't think it's anything to make you anxious. How is your father? What does he think?

CORN. He thinks that my husband ought to put Cæsar down with a strong hand. Of course my father sees things only from a military point of view. Soldiers so seldom have large ideas about things. They run very much into two types, the popular and common type, and the aloof and formal type. The one leads, the other directs.

JULIA. Yes. And then the belonging to a caste must be so bad for them. And having power over people's lives without having any fine ideas about life. But your father always seems to me to be distinctly a man of ideas.

A VOICE WITHOUT. Present arms.

CORN. Who's that? Come in. [*The door is shaken and opened violently.*]

*Enter her father, METELLUS SCIPIO.*

Father.

JULIA. We were just talking about you.

MET. Where's your husband? Is he here? Has he been here?

CORN. No, father. What is it?

MET. Still at the house? He must have had my note. Has he sent round to you?

CORN. No. What has happened?

MET. I must talk to you, Cornelia.

JULIA [*rising*]. Goodbye, dear. It's been so nice seeing you.

MET. No. No, Cornelia. She must n't go. You'll have to sleep here, my dear girl. The streets are n't safe to-night. Sit down. Please sit down. We're all in the

same boat. [*Pause.*] Cornelia. What's your husband going to do?

CORN. Father. But I don't know. He tells me nothing. Nothing at least that is not common knowledge.

MET. I've had letters. Cæsar's advancing into Italy. With all his army.

CORN. To fight us? To attack Rome?

MET. Yes. It's what I always feared. But I never thought the man would be such a blackguard.

JULIA. But I suppose when one *has* a gang of cut-throats, it's hard to resist the temptation.

CORN. Does my husband know of this?

MET. Yes. I sent word to him at the Senate to meet me here. I had to ride out to the camp. Cornelia. I don't understand your husband. My dear girl, he's been playing with the situation. I don't think you understand even now. It means that the whole of Rome is being handed over to a political brigand. All the governing classes, the religion of our fathers, all that has made Rome great. This cut-throat is marching to destroy it. Something happened at the camp.

CORN. What, father?

MET. The men. The soldiers. Roman soldiers. Men who had eaten the bread and salt. They refused duty. Romans. Bribe to that. By this upstart, Cæsar.

CORN. They will stand and see Rome sacked by this outlaw.

JULIA. But how terrible. Have we no defence at all then?

MET. I must see your husband. He's played with us. He must save us.

CORN. There. There. He's coming. There's the sentry.

A VOICE WITHOUT. Attention. Eyes right.

MET. Thank God.

A VOICE WITHOUT. Present arms.

CRIES. Hail! Pompey. Imperator. [*A trumpet blows a flourish.*]

A VOICE WITHOUT. Company. By the right. Quick. March.

PHILIP *enters, opening doors wide, saluting, showing the fasces lining the door. Enter POMPEY. He carries a despatch box. METELLUS salutes.*

[*Exit PHILIP. Doors shut.*]

POMPEY. Ah, Julia. Ah, Cornelia. [*He goes to her, and looks into her eyes.*] Ah, beloved. [*Slowly.*] There will be always peace for me. In that calm soul. [*Turning wearily.*] I think that Sertorius was right, Julia.

JULIA. Why?

POMPEY. In our long Spanish wars. He planned to steal away. With that white fawn which followed him. To the Fortunate Islands. He could be quiet a little there. [*He goes to table dejectedly.*]

MET. You got my note?

POMPEY. Yes. Yes. [*He sits like one stunned.*]

MET. Man. What are you going to do? Cæsar's marching on Rome with forty thousand men.

CORN. But you can check him. You must.

MET. Do you understand? The whole — Does the Senate know?

POMPEY [*opening his despatch box*]. Sit down, dear. [*To CORNELIA.*] Sit down. The Senate knows. There were seven hundred of us in the Senate. Seven hundred of the best men in Rome, sitting there, at sunset, waiting. I had to stand up, among them. I had to tell them that one who — that a man whom I — a man very dear to me — was marching. With an army. Against this Rome. To destroy all that that great house, in generations of honour, has built up here, of virtue, of justice, of freedom, to the wonder of the world.

MET. Yes. Go on. Go on.

CORN. What are they going to do?

POMPEY. Many there were in the pay of — that man.

MET. How did they take it?

POMPEY. They were silent. But a murmur ran through the house. They moved in their chairs. Even those most glad were awed. [*Pause.*] Then Tullus, a man who owes his bread to me. He is in Cæsar's pay now. Rose up smiling. To ask me what troops I had for the defence of Rome.

MET. Yes. And you, the guardian of Rome, what troops have you?

POMPEY. I said that with the two legions sent back from Gaul, and with those reserves called up from the country, I might have thirty thousand men.

MET. What is all this talk of you might have? Those two legions are in Cæsar's pay. They're in mutiny at the camp. They're drawn up there. Ranged under the eagles. Their colonels are Cæsar's, body and soul. They refuse

to move. As for your reserves, they're with the people. They're all for Cæsar. They came crowding out of their tents crying, Peace! Peace! They won't fight. You've mocked us. You've tricked us. You've betrayed Rome.

POMPEY. So they said in the Senate.

MET. Why did you not prepare for this? You've had months in which to prepare?

POMPEY. I have prepared for it, Metellus. But I did not expect it. I thought that a noble act would be remembered, for more than twenty years. I thought that this Rome would be more to a man than a lust for power. And old friendship, I thought, something.

MET. I've no patience with you. [*He sits with twitching hands.*]

JULIA. It's too late to say anything now, of course; but don't you think that as a rule it is always wrong to expect a generous feeling in an opponent; particularly if the opponent happens to be on the side of the poor? The poor never like the generous or intellectual man. They're like us. They like an excessive image of themselves. They like a prize-fighter, like — well, like Cæsar. Or a bookmaking publican. Or a common demagogue who can attack an ideal of life for them.

CORN. But that's mere pessimism, Julia.

MET. [*starting up*]. Well. We know what you have n't done. At least tell us what you have done.

POMPEY. Yes. I'll tell you, Metellus. [*Pause.*] When this began between us. I thought of my own time under Sulla. I'd carry the eagles into Africa. Westward. To the great sea. I was a young man, then. I did rash things. But I was lucky. I conquered Africa. Sulla sent word to me then to disband my army, and return. [*To JULIA and CORNELIA.*] Forgive my talking of myself like this. [*Pause.*] I thought that my luck was due to genius. I was very vain, then, Cornelia. There's not much vanity in me at this moment. I resented Sulla's order. My soldiers resented it. They asked me to be their King in Africa. There's a kind of nobleness blowing about the world. Into people's hearts. Into the minds of poets. Strangers from the city of wisdom. I obeyed Sulla. I thought — if I did — it might be easier — for the next young conqueror — to obey, too. Not to cause civil war.

CORN. He thought — we both thought, father, that Cæsar would remember that. We had planned how all our

party, all the Senate even, should go out into the fields to welcome Cæsar. As Sulla welcomed my husband then. If he came home alone. Disbanding his army. That would have been a triumph for Cæsar greater than any Consulship. But Cæsar only thinks in terms of men and women. He is not really a man of ideas. His vision of political grandeur is a lot of old soldiers, each with his state-allotment of kitchen garden. He would see the glory of Rome pass rather than not see that.

POMPEY. I did not think that Cæsar would be blind to the glory of Rome [*going to the window*]. O, you splendid city full of lights! And the river where the ships go. Splendid swift ships, going over the world with Romans. In the spring, the birds come from the south, Metellus. From Africa. From the great woods of Ophir. They fly high over Rome. And they go on. They fly many myriads of miles, always northward, till they settle down in wild lands, in Britain, in farthest Gaul, among people who cannot build. In the woods in the south from which they come, the people cannot build; they go in beasts' skins. They poison their spears. Yet, Metellus, between those two points, north and south, and as far to the east and west, farther than the trembling of the great tide, when the moon fills, it is all Roman. It all came from these seven sacred hills. Roman law. Roman truth. Roman peace. Built up by us. Out of our blood.

MET. This comes from that Greek writer-fellow. I'll quote some other words to you. Something which you said once in Sicily. 'What is all this talk of law,' you said, 'to us that have swords by our sides?' What? You remember those words? Will you sit still, and see Rome sacked? See the rabble make beastly all that seven centuries has made here? See their filthy hands laid — laid on these delicate ladies? See our temples spoiled that their rat-faced brats may grow up to eat free bread, and loaf and spit outside the beer-shops. Pah! What did the Senate say?

POMPEY. They gave me absolute power here.

MET. What? Then send out your press. Bill every able-bodied man. Bill the women if the men won't come.

POMPEY. No, Metellus. Not that.

MET. What then, man? [CORNELIA *interposes*. *Speaking to her husband.*]

CORN. It is a question now, dear heart, of standing for the right. The right side is always the weaker side. War

is terrible. It's such a loathsome kind of spiritual death. But it is better to have war, than to see law set aside. Law is such a wonderful thing. The will of Rome. Think of it. That must not be slighted. I don't mean the popular cry. That is all for Cæsar now, dear. It was all for you once. It will be again. I mean all the burning thought of so many generations of our fathers. That must not be set aside for the lust of one man. It is the duty of a Roman, dear heart, to go out under the eagles to defend that burning thought, the Will of Rome. Even if he goes alone. And you will not go alone. The souls of our fathers will march with you. And if you die, dear one, defending what they died to make, you will die as I would have my lover die.

POMPEY. Ah! Cornelia. You make death hard. But it would be sweet to die so for you. To die. To join that Senate of the old Romans; the wise ones. To bring them news of Rome there. In the shadows.

CORN. Saying that you come crowned. Having played the Roman. 'Having obeyed their laws.'

POMPEY. Ah! Like the Spartans. Ringed in with spears. There in the rocks. [*Going to window.*]

MET. [*quickly*]. Go on, girl. Oh, move him, Cornelia. Goad him to action. I cannot. For Rome's sake. Move him. Get him out of this child's mood.

POMPEY. Yes. Yes. Yes. [*Slowly.*] I shall fight Cæsar. [*Sharply.*]

MET. Ah! [*Excitedly.*] But at once. Give him no time to win recruits by success. Give them no time here. The rabble don't hesitate. They don't understand a man who hesitates. Give me all the cavalry. Look. I'll mount six cohorts of slingers. I can worry him with those.

POMPEY. Where's the map? [*He quickly takes map from wall.*] It's the effect here, not the beating of Cæsar. We must stiffen the towns against him. Show them that they'll have to back their choice with their blood. That'll check his advance.

MET. Cæsar's quick, mind. He marches light, and he comes a devil of a pace. [*Musingly.*]

POMPEY. You say he's got forty thousand men? Let's see your despatch. Who sent it? [*Taking paper.*] Can you trust this man?

MET. Yes. A clever young fellow.

POMPEY. Young? Where's he served?

MET. He was on Crassus' staff in Parthia. In the smash.

POMPEY. I don't trust ghosts.

MET. Ghosts?

POMPEY. What escapes when an army's destroyed like Crassus's? [*Reading.*] Forty thousand men. Shrewd. This is a shrewd lad, Metellus. He's read a lot of school-books, this man. Come. Forty thousand?

MET. Yes.

POMPEY. No. It's not possible, Metellus. This is politics. Not war. He's forcing our hand. His army's miles away. He's rushing the frontier with a few picked men. The pick of his light foot, and these light Gaulish lancers. It's a bold dash to put all Rome in a panic.

MET [*biting his nails*]. That's not what you'd have done.

POMPEY. That's how I know I'm right. [*Standing.*] Take the cavalry. Get into touch with him. Harass him. Hang on to him. Worry him all the time. I'll come on with all I can get.

MET. Take the gladiators.

POMPEY. No. This is a Roman question. No paid slaves shall decide Rome's fate.

MET. We shall be a desperate lot without them.

CORN. The Navy. Land men from the ships.

MET. They can't march. This campaign is a race.

POMPEY. No. No. Look. [*Excitedly.*] I'll send gallopers to the fleet at Brindisi. I'll tell them to lash north, forced rowing. They'd catch him at Pisaurum. They could cut in on his left flank. So much for the attack. The city here's the problem.

MET. Damn the city here. The city's for the winner. Always.

POMPEY [*musings*]. Caesar's got an army in occupation here already. Now to secure Rome.

MET [*quickly*]. The patricians. Let the patricians form a Committee of Public Safety. They'll settle Caesar's mobs.

CORN. No. No. There'd be massacre all over Rome. All frightened men are merciless.

MET. Be quiet, girl. Yes, man.

POMPEY. No. That's the wild thing the desperate man always does to make his cause more desperate. It would madden the mob against us. Our task is to win the mob.

CORN. Leave Cato in command here.

MET. What?

CORN. Let Cato raise a force purely to defend Rome. Not a party force at all.

POMPEY. Yes, Cato. He stands outside parties. He has power over both.

MET. No, I say. Power? The only power that old fraud has. Bah! He reminds every one of grandpapa. That's why he's popular.

POMPEY. It's popularity that's wanted.

MET. It's power that's wanted. A few crucified mutineers. Not grandpapa giving out buns and telling them of good King Numa.

POMPEY [*picking up the hammer of his gong*]. We'll send for Cato.

MET. No. No.

POMPEY. Yes.

MET. Wait a minute.

POMPEY. Well?

MET. We want a soldier here.

POMPEY. We want a man whom everybody can trust.

MET. Cato's not firm enough.

POMPEY. I want Rome calm, not intimidated.

MET. I am not going to serve if that man's left behind in Rome.

POMPEY. Oh, don't say that. What are your reasons against Cato? In this instance.

MET. How will Cato deal with the mutineers in camp?

POMPEY. Ah! There. [*Pause.*] Yes. We can't be hard on those poor fellows. Try and see it as they see it. They've had the choice of refusing duty or beginning a civil war.

MET. A soldier's first duty is obedience.

POMPEY. Is it? I'd rather have him a man first, myself. Only very good soldiers mutiny. Did you never notice that?

MET. No. Nor you. They must be made examples of.

POMPEY [*smiling*]. Come. Some wine, Metellus.

MET. [*crossly*]. This is n't a time for wine. [*He stalks up and down the room.*] Suppose we're beaten. I tell you if we're beaten you'll want more than old Father Goo Goo here. You'll want a man to stamp out Cæsar's faction. I'd stop their smiling. By the time Cæsar stormed Rome he'd find few of his friends left. I'd make Rome so sick with blood. By. She'd think no more of Cæsar.



POMPEY. My God! The streets ran blood. In Sulla's time. That once. The carts drove over them.

MET. That was knuckle bones to what this will be.

POMPEY. Yes. Suppose we're beaten. Rome stormed. No, no, never! [*He flings the map aside.*] No. I'll give up Italy rather. I will not fight in Italy. Caesar's rabble shall have no excuse for sacking Rome.

MET. What? [*A Pause.*] Where will you fight him then? In Spain, where your army is?

CORN. Not in Spain.

MET. Why not in Spain?

POMPEY. No. You know the proverb. Spain's a country where a big army starves and a little army gets beaten. I know, I've fought there. And it's far from Rome, and too near Gaul. No, Macedonia. We'll go over with the fleet to Macedonia. There are five good legions of Crassus's smash in Macedonia. We'll prepare an army there.

MET. Yes. But your friends in Rome. Our party here? The Senate? The Consuls?

POMPEY. They must come with us at once to Brindisi, where the fleet lies. We'll take ship there. [*Writing.*] I'm writing to Domitius at Corfinium, to join me instantly with his twenty cohorts. [*Musing.*] I wonder. If he stays, he will be invested. And he will stay, he's as obstinate as a mule. If he marches south at once we shall have twenty thousand. If not, we must leave him to his fate. I must abandon Italy.

MET. [*slowly*]. There's something in it. Yes. I wonder.

POMPEY. It's not so risky. Fighting now is backing losing cards.

MET. We shall lose friends.

POMPEY. We shall gain time.

MET. Let's see the map. [*He takes another map.*] I like it. Yes. It's a good move.

POMPEY. Caesar will attack my army in Spain, first.

MET. Afraid of its invading his dear Gaul, you mean?

POMPEY. He'll have no choice in the matter. He's got no ships to follow us. I've got the Navy. While he's building ships, I'll build an army. If he fights my generals in Spain, it will be a year before he can follow me. We shall have a great army by that time.

MET. Yes. An army, eh? Macedonian phalanx, eh? We'll send out a fiery sign through Macedonia. All the swordsmen of the hills will come. Out of Dacia, out of Thrace. Jove, what an army! With Egypt at your back, too.

POMPEY. Yes. Egypt's full of my old soldiers. We can always fall back on King Ptolemy. [*He becomes sad.*] Ah, well. Ah, well.

CORN. What is it?

POMPEY [*quickly*]. Nothing. [*He rises.*] I was thinking of all this kingliness wandering in little wild Greek towns.

CORN. The kingly mind always lives in a kingly city.

POMPEY [*eagerly*]. Ah! Who said that?

CORN. You said it.

POMPEY. Ah. Where's the fire that scatters those sparks? Why does n't it burn in us always?

MET. [*excitedly*]. It's burning now. Look here. Listen. Look here. Your idea of Macedonia. Splendid!

MET. Cæsar won't follow. [*Slapping the table.*] He'll be afraid. Part the world between you. Let Cæsar keep the West. You be King in the East. Build up another Rome in Athens. With you in the East, we could do what Alexander did. We could——

POMPEY. No more ambitions, Metellus. You see where ambition leads.

MET. [*flushed*]. You wait till you see those Dacians. Big, black clean-limbed fellows, Julia, with swords and steel shields. They charge like cavalry. [*He fills wine.*]

POMPEY. So, Macedonia.

MET. Yes, Macedonia.

CORN. When?

POMPEY. Now, dear.

CORN. To-night?

POMPEY. It doesn't give you much time. It will be hard for you to leave all your pretty things behind.

CORN. I was thinking about your night's rest. Life is book and picture to me. All that is Rome to us comes with us.

MET. Well then [*rolling up the map with a click*], boot and saddle.

POMPEY. Take what men you have, Metellus. And press post horses. You'll want my orders though. [*He strikes the gong.*]

*Enter PHILIP.*

PHILIP. Sir.

POMPEY. Ask Theophanes to speak to me a moment.

*[Exit PHILIP.]*

MET. That Greek writer-fellow. I don't know how you stand that man.

*Enter THEOPHANES, who bows and is saluted.*

POMPEY. Sit down. *[He takes papers from despatch box.]* We're going to Macedonia. We take ship at Brindisi. These orders to our party. Have them filled in and sent round.

THEO. Yes. But you won't want them.

POMPEY. You mean that — What do you mean?

THEO. I mean, you won't want them. Cæsar's at Cremona. He's not marching on Rome. He's encamped in his own province. It was a false alarm.

ALL. What?

POMPEY. How do you know that?

THEO. Labienus has just come in. Cæsar's right-hand man. I've been talking to him. Cæsar's sending messengers with new proposals to you. He's not marching on Rome.

MET. So we go on again.

POMPEY. What are the new proposals? Does he know?

THEO. *[shrugging his shoulders]*. His men are beginning to shrink, I suppose, now that it comes to the touch. I don't blame 'em. A private on a cross is not a pretty sight.

JULIA. Do you think it's an excuse to gain time?

CORN. Ah, no, Julia. Let us give Cæsar credit for a little nobleness.

MET. Pah! He was in Catiline's conspiracy. It was proved beyond a doubt. Well, Pompey. What are you going to do?

POMPEY. It is very wonderful. I must see Cato. *[Going.]*

MET. The lath and plaster Spartan. Why?

THEO. He's here.

CATO, *in black robes, enters. He stands with arms folded, looking at them all.*

MET. Well, sir?

POMPEY. Yes, Cato?

CORN. You 've heard? Won't you sit down?

CATO. So this is the family party. Well, Pompey. Now I see the drags that hinder your honesty. [*To JULIA.*] You. The critic. You with neither art nor brain. Thinking you show both by condemning them in others.

JULIA. Do you show art and brain by condemning me?

CATO. Look into your heart, woman.

CATO [*to METELLUS*]. You, sir. The General. A tailor and a love affair made you a General. Not war. War does n't make your kind. But you long for war. You would shriek your country into war, any day, sir. So that humble brave men might make pickings for you. Invitations. Gold. What you call love affairs. Fame. [*To THEOPHANES, while METELLUS looks him up and down.*] I don't know you, sir.

THEO. A contributor to Time's waste-paper basket.

CATO. Ah! [*To POMPEY.*] And you, the mischief-maker, the genius. Well, which of us was right, Pompey?

POMPEY. You were right. But I have acted more friendly than Cæsar.

CATO. You have made the mischief. Can you unmake it?

POMPEY. Can you unmake it?

CATO. I? I am going into Sicily. You forget. I am Governor there.

CORN. But now. In this moment of truce. Surely it can be remedied?

CATO. Yes. At a price.

POMPEY. How?

CATO. You must go alone, on foot, to Cæsar.

POMPEY. Never.

CATO. And tell him that you come to save Rome from civil war. That a man's pride is a little thing to that. And that so you have put by your greatness.

CORN. Ah! Ah! [*She watches POMPEY's face. All turn to POMPEY.*]

POMPEY. No. I have been a King here. I have been like God here. Kings have come to me on their knees. Cæsar. Cæsar's. I made Cæsar by a stroke of my pen. No. Ah, no.

CATO. Cæsar would be shamed to tears, Pompey. Would not that victory content you?

POMPEY. I cannot. No, I cannot.

CATO. Not to save Rome, Pompey?

POMPEY. No. I should be a mock. No. No.

CORN. You would be a fire, Pompey, for all time. All the lamps of the world would be kindled at that nobleness.

POMPEY. You wish it, too, dear heart?

CORN. [*softly*]. I wish it.

POMPEY [*looking round*]. To a young man. Whom I have made. Oh, Cato, Cato! Is kindness to a friend only a bitter form of suicide? [*He fumbles at the clasp of his purple.*] Very well, I will go, Marcus. [*He flings his purple aside.*]

CATO. I thought you were Pompey the Little. I wronged you.

MET. [*to THEOPHANES*]. So. [*They exchange glances.*]

POMPEY. Old man. Old man.

[*A noise without. Cries. A sentry calls 'Halt.' Struggling. Shouts of 'Stand back.' 'Let me in.' The spears rattle. The door is shaken.*]

THEO. [*opening door*]. What's this? [*Pause.*] Let him in, Sentry.

*Enter filthy Horseman, dust to the eyes, tottering. The door is left open, showing Soldiers.*

MET. One of Cæsar's lancers.

THEO. A deserter, eh?

THE MAN [*gasping*]. Which of you is the lord?

POMPEY [*pouring wine for him*]. I am he. Drink this. Take your time. What is it?

THE MAN [*spilling his drink like a man half dead of thirst*]. Cæsar! Cæsar! I escaped last night. Cæsar!

CORN. What?

THE MAN. He's crossed the Rubicon. With all his army. Marching on Rome. Be here in two days.

[*A pause.*]  
POMPEY [*resuming his purple*]. That settles it. There can be no treaty now.

CORN. So war has begun.

POMPEY [*sadly*]. There it is. Only it is more terrible now. More terrible than it was. [*Turning to go.*] It must be war now to the end.

MET. [*picking up the orders from the table and slapping them to command attention*]. And now. To Brindisi.

[*He walks briskly towards the door, but halts opposite CATO at whom he glares. POMPEY and CORNELIA halt to watch him.*] Well, sir. My Conscript Father. Will you crawl before Cæsar now, sir? It is long since a Roman bade his King to lick the dust before a traitor. You and your kind may sue to such. Rome puts other thoughts into our hearts.

CATO. There are two Romes, Metellus. One built of brick by hodsmen. But the Rome I serve glimmers in the uplifted heart. It is a court for the calm gods. That Rome. Let me not shame that city. Advance the eagles.

A VOICE WITHOUT. Present arms.

[*A trumpet blows a blast.*

*Curtain.*

## ACT II

## SCENE I

*Staff-officer's tent at Durazzo. Walls of plain canvas. Canvas door running on rings at back R. Smaller canvas door at back L. Table and camp-chairs. Everything bare and severe. DOMITIUS, LENTULUS, THEOPHANES, at the table.*

DOMITIUS. So it goes on. And Spain is lost. He says it is part of his plan. It is part of a total want of plan. We have lost half the world by not taking the offensive.

LENTULUS. Look at this despatch from Africa.

DOMI. Look at this position here. Cæsar has shut us in here like so many sheep in a pen. Has Pompey no pride? Or has he grown besotted?

THEOPHANES. Flaccus is raiding Cæsar's lines this morning. He will attack them in three places. And break them.

DOMI. [*fiercely*]. Flaccus is a boy. He is making a foray with a legion. It is making war like a pedlar to give little thrusts like this. Has Pompey no grand comprehensive scheme, which will employ all our force? We have ten times Cæsar's numbers. Why not use them instead of sending out Flaccus to make two or three holes in Cæsar's lines? A whole year wasted, and half the empire lost.

*Enter POMPEY hurriedly. They salute.*

POMPEY. Good morning. I have called you all together to tell you of the loss of my Spanish army, lately commanded by Afranius. We had expected victory, from Afranius' letters. But we are soldiers. We know what Fortune is in war. We are not merchants, to cast him for failing.

DOMI. I take it that we are here to discuss that question. Before discussing it, we ought to know why the Spains were risked.

LENT. Yes, certainly.

POMPEY. They were risked in accordance with my plan.

DOMI. And what is that plan?

POMPEY. It is no part of a general's duty to explain his plans.

LENT. I disagree, Magnus.

DOMI. It is his duty. If they menace public safety.

We have given up Italy, and thrown away Spain. Africa is invaded and Sicily taken. We have given up and drawn back everywhere. And why? That we might come here to be cooped up by an army half our size. I want to know why? We all want to know why.

POMPEY. I remember Sulla saying that he could make an army love him by talking to the privates occasionally. But that no amount of talking would make his generals love his ideas. You dispute my ideas before you know them. Very soon, you will know them. Meanwhile. Be content. And bide my time.

LENT. Magnus. I am not given to criticism; but this biding time is ruin. We are losing allies; we are losing Rome. Rome looked to you to crush this upstart. Instead of that you have let a rebellion grow into a civil war. You have watched your adherents stamped out piecemeal. You have done nothing.

DOMI. Pardon me. He has sent out a boy to attack an outpost.

LENT. I am entitled to discuss a plan which reflects on my reputation.

POMPEY. Wait.

DOMI. We have waited for a year of war.

POMPEY. I ask you to wait a little longer.

LENT. Magnus, while we wait, the rabble is stamping out aristocracy throughout the world.

[*He rises.*]

POMPEY. Sit down, Lentulus. I tell you to wait. The war is in my hands.

DOMI. War is in the hands of the man who strikes. [*He thrusts aside the lesser door.*] There. Among the crags there. By the pine-clump. In that great red heap like an iron mine. That is Cæsar's camp. I've been out there night after night, worming over rocks and down gullies, keeping my course by the stars, so that, when a chance came, I could take an army into that camp blindfold. I've a map here. [*Throws down a paper.*] Those red dots are the sentries. Each dot was made at the risk of my heart's blood. I've grovelled in the earth before all those sentries, praying for the moon to go in, while they talked of their love-affairs. I've seen the sergeant coming his rounds with a lantern, and shut my eyes lest they should gleam, and betray me. I could take that camp with two legions in the blackest night of the year. This war is breaking the world



in two. And you send Flaccus with a corporal's guard to pull down a hundred yards of paling. Justify that, before you tell me to wait.

POMPEY. Flaccus is fighting the decisive battle of the war.

LENT. This is trifling. [*He rises and moves away.*]

DOMI. The decisive. I will tell you what a decisive battle is. I took part in one for you at Massilia three months ago. At the end of that siege, there was no city. The walls were rings of ruin. There were no houses. The stone had gone for shot. The wood had been burnt by fire-balls. There were no ships. Those which were not burnt were bilged. There was no food. Only rotten millet from the horse-bins. There were no people. Only some deaths-heads dying of plague, and a few madmen on the walls. And outside, there were towers flinging fires at us, and slings flinging rocks at us, and miles of army coming up to the sack. That was a decisive battle. You could make Cæsar's camp so like that city, it would stink of death till doomsday.

POMPEY. Domitius, when a man thinks fixedly of anything, desiring it with his whole nature, he creates a witch in the air, who eats that lust of his till she is a strong pitiless devil. Then the man dies, Domitius. For the devil sucks out the threads of beauty from him till the manly life of him is all withered to stalks.

Domitius, you are given up to a devil. A devil of lust for battle. You are like a tiger. But you are fiercer than a tiger, for when there is no enemy you fight your friends, and when there are no friends you fight your self. And when you have torn yourself bloody you fight ideas, not because you understand them, and hate them, but because when you are not fighting you are nothing. You streaming torch of wrath! No; you are not like a torch. You are like a red hand, clutching, clutching. I fear you, Domitius. A man's friends are those who understand his ideas, and advance them. You are Cæsar's friend, Domitius.

DOMI. [*intensely*]. You killed my brother, when you were a young man. For that, I swore to tear your heart out. You dined with me once, twenty years ago. You will not remember. I put my hand upon your shoulder. I had a knife in my other hand. I could have stabbed you to the heart. And there you would have died, Magnus, in a mess of roses and spilled wine, before my old Marian friends.

But I saw that you were a better man than my brother. Something you said. I saw that you were what Rome wanted. [Pause.]

[Fiercely.] You know better than to call me Cæsar's friend. I've made Cæsar rock in his seat.

POMPEY. You are Cæsar's friend. Your heart beats pulse for pulse with Cæsar's heart. You malign me because my hands are not red from butchery like this. And at this moment, while you malign me, Flaccus is ending the war. Take no more thought of the war. The war is over.

[The Generals draw to one side and talk apart for a moment.]

POMPEY. Rome is the problem now. You would do well to think of Rome. This is the seventh democratic rising since my boyhood. Seven desperate attempts to change in fifty years. Does that teach you nothing?

LENT. Theophanes.

DOMI. Yes.

THEO. Magnus.

POMPEY. You all look shocked. I will tell you my plan, then. You shall see. [Pause.]

I would not fight in Italy for religious reasons. But in giving up Italy, I reckoned on three things.

On finding time to make an army. This I have done.

On saving the Asian provinces from rebellion, which would have destroyed Roman rule there, directly civil war began, if I had not left Italy. This I have done.

On starving Italy into bloodless peace by blockade. Chance has spoiled this last plan. Cæsar, breaking the blockade, has come to fight me here. Well?

I gain by that two things:—

Firstly, A neutral Rome, afraid, as yet, to take either side, but likely to become more favourable to us, the longer the audacity of this new popular hero is held in check.

Secondly. The mastery.

Cæsar's one military quality is audacity. I have denied him the chance of using it. Without it he is a man of lewd life, with no august idea, personal or public. Cæsar has besieged me here at the bidding of his vanity. He is saying 'Here am I, besieging Pompey the Great.' You think it a brilliant feat. I say that it is not generalship.

DOMI. It is war.

LENT. It is policy.

THEO. It has lost you your reputation as a soldier.

POMPEY. I offered a broken and distracted Italy. He took it. A turbulent, useless Spain. He took it. I have flung down half a useless world, and he has gorged it and come on into the trap. I am camped in plenty, with six fleets ruling the seas. Cæsar is trenched in mud, living on roots. Besieging me, you call it? He has dug thirty miles of works. He has not enough men to guard ten miles. His men are exhausted and starving. He stays in those works during my pleasure; no longer. He cannot force me to battle. He cannot raid my lines. He cannot go back to Rome.

And I, with one slight thrust, am tumbling him into ruin.

*Enter an Orderly with a despatch. He gives it to POMPEY.*

LENT. From Flaccus?

DOMI. You are of the Fifth?

ORDERLY. From Titus Pulcio, my lord.

POMPEY. Very well.

ORDERLY. Have you any orders, my lord?

POMPEY. No orders. Acknowledge.

*[Exit Orderly, saluting.]*

THEO. Is it important?

POMPEY. Read it.

THEO. *[reading]*. From Titus Pulcio, legate, fifth legion, to Headquarters: 'The attack under Valerius Flaccus has been repulsed with heavy loss. The survivors have fallen back upon the old works, south of the river, where desperate fighting is now going on. I am marching with what I have. The enemy is in force. Stragglers report position hopeless.'

DOMI. These thrusting youths want a lesson. Now, Magnus. Justify your plan, now.

POMPEY. Wait.

LENT. Wait? While our right flank is being rolled up?  
*[Coldly.]*

POMPEY. It would take Cæsar two days to bring up enough troops to crush our right.

DOMI. Surely you will smash this attacking force.

POMPEY. It will exhaust itself. Cæsar can neither reinforce it, nor replace it. I am fighting with the thought of Rome before me. I will not march back to Rome over corpses, in the Sulla fashion.

DOMI. At least you will march back over those whom we took last night. I killed those.

POMPEY. You killed those men?

DOMI. They were rebels, I tell you. Traitors.

POMPEY. I will judge traitors.

DOMI. They were traitors. My own deserters. Dogs. I will serve all traitors so. And I tell you this.

POMPEY. Not a word. You disgrace our cause, Domitius. [*Pause, and change of voice.*] I may win this war. Or this [*showing his gold eagle-clasp*] may pay a camp-trull yonder. But whether I win or go down, my men shall bear themselves nobly. Those on my side must act like knights of the bodyguard of God. See to it.

*Enter Chief Centurion COTTA, battered.*

COTTA. I report the death of commander Flaccus, my lord.

POMPEY. Killed?

COTTA. Yes, my lord.

DOMI. That is what happens in skirmishing. Nothing is done, and the good man gets killed.

COTTA. We were beaten back, my lord; the surprise failed.

POMPEY. Yes? Well?

COTTA. We rushed their wall, tore up their palisades, and set fire to two of the turrets. Then they surrounded us. I should think they had two legions on to us. We had to cut our way home.

POMPEY. And your commander?

COTTA. He was killed in the thick, my lord. After our storm, we were driven back on to the palisades. The pales were all on fire, all along the line, burning hard. I looked one minute, and saw him backed right up against the flames, with a dozen Thracians. They had a whole troop of lancers stabbing at them. I got within a few paces of him, trying to bring him off, but the fireballs burst so thick one could n't see. My men were being cut to pieces, the cavalry was cutting in on our rear, and there came a rush of spearmen which swept me off the rampart. I saw his body falling back into the fire, all lit up. But we could never get near the place again. They cut us to pieces down on the flat. They killed eight hundred of us.

LENT. A severe repulse.

DOMI. Wasted. Wasted lives. Utterly useless, wicked waste.

POMPEY. And then? What happened then?

COTTA. They drove us back into the old works by the river. Over the outer wall into the ditch. [*Pause.*] We were penned up in the ditch like beasts in a slaughter-house. They swarmed up above us on the wall, pelting us. We were below them, grinding in the mud, huddled like sheep. Men will always huddle when they have no room to use their shields. It was so fierce, that I thought our men would break. But we could not break. We were shut in. We were so pushed together that the dead could not fall. And being pressed man to man gave us a kind of courage. I got up on a heap where the wall had fallen. I wanted to see. I could see all a wave of red plumes where Cæsar's Gauls were pressing up, calling to their horses. Arr. Arr. There was a roar everywhere like ice breaking up in the spring. Behind their main attack they were making a way through the wall for their horse. Every now and then their picks flashed and the earth came scattering down. It was worst at the gate. The noise of the axes on the gate was like a ship-yard. They brought up a tree to batter it, and every time they ran at it, you could see the wood give, in great splinters.

There was a little grey centurion by the gate. I could not see his legion, for his helmet had been smashed by a stone; but I think he was of the fifth. He had a green scarf over his shoulder. He was down under the gate shoring it up with baulks. About a dozen naked Gauls swarmed up on to the wall above him, singing their pæan. They hurled down darts right on to him. The darts struck the earth all round him, till the pebbles were flying in his face. He had no shield. Only a camp-follower, who held the wood while he lammed it in with a maul. And every time the batterers ran in, those two stopped work, and cheered, and flung the darts back, and then drove in another pile. I thought we were lost; but it was our fight, my lord.

For I heard fifes, playing 'The Day of Zama,' and men singing. It was a cohort of the fifth, marching to support our left flank. They came on slowly, in line, with their heads up, and the fifes playing. The centurions led them, singing, marching well ahead. It was a fine thing to see those men coming on. Their ranks were so locked that the oak-trees on their shields made a green breastwork across their front. It was our fight after that. We caught them in the outer ditch. The ditch is choked with them. Cæsar

lost a full thousand there in the ditch. They were broken. We shook them to the heart. They will not face us again, my lord, for a long time. Nor any enemy. Cæsar will have trouble with them.

POMPEY. Very well, Cotta.

COTTA. They are sending in the body with a trumpet, my lord.

POMPEY. Yes! Send me the returns of killed and wounded and the centurions' reports. Your legion will stand no watch to-night. See that your men rest. Order wine from the sutlers for them. I will speak to them to-night.

COTTA. Thank you, my lord.

*[He goes out, saluting.]*

DOMI. One moment, Cotta.

*[He goes out, after him.]*

THEO. Cæsar is sending a trumpet. Can he be suing for peace?

LENT. Why should he sue for peace after a skirmish?

POMPEY. It was the pricking of a bubble. He is suing for peace. And if I grant peace, I shall have these to fight. And if I refuse peace, this ruin will go on.

THEO. Do we receive this trumpet?

*Enter DOMITIUS.*

DOMI. Magnus. Cæsar is in disorder. His men are leaving the trenches. He is withdrawing. His south walls are abandoned already.

POMPEY. Yes. He has learned his lesson.

They have been digging and starving here for six months. And one blow shows them that it is as useless as digging in the sea.

They are telling Cæsar now that he has thrown them away.

He must pay them now for the life they have spent for him. He cannot pay them. The most that he can do is to save them from the result of his insanity.

THEO. He can retreat.

POMPEY. How can he retreat? He cannot retreat. Where can he go? My navies hold the sea. To the north there are savage tribes. The south is blocked by my garrisons. I am here in the west with my army. And to the east lies Metellus, with another army.

He has one chance of saving them. He can sue for peace.

DOMI. But you are going to attack. You are not going to receive this herald?

POMPEY. Yes, Rome must have peace.

If Cæsar will make submission——

LENT. He will never do that, Magnus.

POMPEY. Why not? What else can he do? If he will not submit, his men will force him.

DOMI. { A surrender will be useless.

THEO. { Cæsar must be destroyed.

LENT. { How will you settle Rome, with Cæsar alive?

POMPEY. This war has gone on all my life. Sulla's method failed. Cataline's method failed. They shall not be tried again. Rome shall be settled this time finally, by the union of both parties, not by the domination of one.

DOMI. If you hesitate to strike now, you are a traitor, Magnus.

POMPEY. I have made my plan.

[*Sternly.*] I will abide by it. To your place. Murmur no more.

No little gust of passion shall set me wavering.

[*A Voice without and a trumpet.*]

VOICE. Present arms. Port arms. Pass friend. Present arms.

POMPEY. Life is nothing. It is the way of life which is so much. Enter there.

COTTA [*entering*]. The body, my lord. With the trumpet.

*Enter Bearers with the body of VALERIUS FLACCUS. COTTA, and the others salute the corpse. Then, with a solemnity of trumpets blowing points of ceremony, MARCUS ACILIUS enters, led by two Centurions. He is blindfolded. COTTA, the Bearers and the Centurions go out, when the handkerchief is removed.*

ACILIUS. I bring back your soldier, Cneius Pompey.

POMPEY. You bring a message?

ACIL. I come from Cæsar.

POMPEY. Well?

ACIL. He asks you to end this war. The gods have given you an equal measure of victory. You have both lost and won half the Roman world. Now that the world is shared between you, you can consent to a peace. To-morrow, if fortune favour one of you, the fortunate one will think himself too great to parley. [*Pause.*] Cæsar asks that a peace may be concluded. If you will undertake to

do the same, he will make public oath to disband his army within three days. That is his proposal.

POMPEY. More than a year ago, the Senate ordered Cæsar to disband his troops. That decree still stands disregarded. I cannot treat with a rebel. Cæsar must obey that decree and submit to the Senate's mercy.

ACIL. The quarrel is between you and Cæsar, Magnus.

POMPEY. Not at all. I represent the Senate.

ACIL. Your party of the Senate, which my party does not recognise.

POMPEY. These are the facts, Acilius. Cæsar has attacked Republican rule. He has failed. I make it a condition of treaty that he acknowledge Republican authority.

ACIL. Cæsar has never denied that authority. He is in arms against a perversion of that authority by unscrupulous men. That he seeks to end the Republic is denied by my presence here, asking for peace. Cæsar is no suitor to you. That great mind is its own sufficient authority. Farewell, Magnus. *[Going.]*

*[At door.]* You will grant peace if Cæsar kneels in the dust. Very well. Rome is more to him than honour. He will kneel in the dust. In the most public place in Rome. He will submit himself, body and cause, to the judgment of the Roman people there assembled.

Will that suffice?

POMPEY. No.

The mob has no voice in this matter. The mob must be taught to obey its rulers. Cæsar must submit to the Senate.

ACIL. Then the blood will be on your hands, Magnus. *[Going.]*

POMPEY. It will suffice if Cæsar surrender to myself in the presence of both armies. But a public act of submission must be made. Otherwise it will be thought that Cæsar drove us from Italy, and forced us to accept his terms. That I cannot allow.

ACIL. I am to tell Cæsar that you refuse. *[Quietly.]* From fear of what the world may think?

POMPEY. You count that a little thing, the thought of the world? For what else are we fighting; but to control the thought of the world? What else matters, Acilius?

You think that I am fighting to be a master? Not so. I am fighting because I know what Cæsar wants. I have watched his career step by step. Cæsar means to be king. He has bribed the rabble to crown him.



You see only the brilliant man, winning — what he has the power to win. I look beyond that man. I see Rome under a secret, bloody domination and a prey to future Cæsars. That shall not be.

I am an old man, now, Acilius. I have been fighting this battle all my life. I hope now to end it. You have heard my terms.

[*He strikes a gong.*

[*A pause. Enter a Centurion.*

[*To the Centurion.*] Ask Afranius to come here.

[*Exit Centurion.*

Do you accept them or refuse them? Take your time.

*Pause. Enter AFRANIUS.*

ACIL. I refuse them.

POMPEY [*to AFRANIUS*]. You will take the Gemella legion, drive in Cæsar's outposts and burn the works.

[*Exit AFRANIUS.*

ACIL. There is no voice for peace, then. I have failed. Now that my task is done, may I speak with you privately?

POMPEY. Yes. On a private matter. Is your business private?

ACIL. Yes. It is private.

POMPEY [*to Generals*]. Leave us.

[*Exit Generals.*

[*To ACILIUS.*] Be brief.

ACIL. My mother married you. Years ago.

She was dragged by force from my father so that you might be propped by a vote the more. She died of a broken heart, in your bed.

You have taken worse props, now. These nobles. They are using you to stamp out democracy. So that they may plunder in peace for another fifty years.

And when you have done their task. When the war is over.

POMPEY [*taking up gong*]. I cannot listen to this.

ACIL. You plan to make just those democratic reforms for which Cæsar is fighting. You mean to cripple the aristocracy. And they will stop you. Domitius hates you. Metellus fears you. Lentulus is jealous of you. They are planning to get rid of you. Even now. [*Pause.*

Get rid of them, Magnus. Take Cæsar as your friend. End the war. Drive them out.

POMPEY. And after?

ACIL. You could make Rome what you please.

[POMPEY strikes the gong.

*Re-enter Generals.*

POMPEY. And after? [*Pause.*] Your party shall submit to mine. [*He writes a few words.*] You may take this to Cæsar. [*Gives writing.*]

Give this man safe conduct.

ACIL. I am going, Magnus. I shall not see you again.

[THEOPHANES goes out.

POMPEY [*who has turned away*]. Well?

ACIL. Pride is a mean thing in the presence of death. To-day you are great, and the kings bring tribute to you. To-morrow you may be this. Only this. Praised by the worm. [*Showing corpse.*

POMPEY. You talk of the presence of death. Man, I am in the presence of God, in my soul's supreme crisis.

COTTA and Centurions enter with THEOPHANES. They salute.

Who cares what I may be? I may be carrion. But while I am man, and carry a faith in me, I will guard that faith. See this man through the lines.

[*With a solemn blowing of a point of ceremony, COTTA and the Centurions go out, leading ACILIUS, blindfolded. Murmurs. Acclamations.*

[*The Generals eye POMPEY. He walks to the body and looks at it.*

POMPEY. Poor boy. You have gone a long way from this inn.

When you were born, women kissed you, and watched you as you slept, and prayed for you, as women do. When you learned to speak, they praised you; they laughed and were so tender with you, even when they were in pain. And to-night you will wander alone, where no woman's love can come to you, and no voice speak to you, and no grief of ours touch you to an answer.

The dead must be very lonely.

POMI. [*coming forward and looking at the body*]. That? Why be sad at that?

He was marked for it. [*Quietly.*] Magnus. I have something to say. I give you full credit for what you have done. You were right. But not so right as I would have been. Destruction's what war's for. Still. It has hap-

pened. Now there is Rome. How are you going back to Rome without the moral support of a victory?

LENT. In Rome, it is said openly that you have been shuffled about at Cæsar's will.

THEO. And that we have been beaten in every battle.

POMPEY. What is that noise, there?

*[Cries of 'Victory.' Clapping. Trumpets. A cry of 'Present Arms.' The spears rattle.]*

*Enter LUCIUS LUCCEIUS, in the civil dress.*

LENT. Lucceius.

THEO. Lucius Lucceius.

*[LUCCEIUS stands looking at them silently. He salutes the body, and advances slowly.]*

LUCCEIUS *[slowly]*. I salute you, Cneius Pompey. I come from Rome.

POMPEY. What news do you bring from Rome?

LUCC. News of your triumph, Magnus.

Cæsar's army, under Curio, invaded Africa.

Curio is killed. His army is destroyed. Africa is saved to us. *[He takes a laurel wreath.]*

The Roman people send me with this wreath, Magnus.

*[He offers it, with reverent dignity.]*

POMPEY *[taking the wreath and laying it on FLACCUS' head]*. Once, long ago, I played with you. By the fish-pools at Capua, watching the gold-fish.

You asked me for my purple, that glittering day long ago. *[He lays his purple over FLACCUS.]* All things for which men ask are granted. A word may be a star or a spear for all time. This is the day of my triumph, it seems.

*[A distant trumpet winds. It winds again.]*

THEO. There is a horn blowing.

POMPEY. It is blowing like a death-horn.

DOMI. It is a Roman call.

In Cæsar's camp.

*[DOMITIUS flings aside the canvas.]*

It is the 'Prepare to March.' He is in retreat. His huts are burning. They are winding out upon the road there. They are floundering up the pass. Two thousand horse could ruin them.

POMPEY. Ruin is not my province. Let them destroy themselves. They are wandering out into the wilds with-

out heart, without hope, without plan. That is the forlornest march ever called by trumpets. There is death in every heart there already. Well. We shall follow.

Call the chief centurions.

[THEOPHANES goes to the door, to the Sentry without.]

We win. But we will kill the rebellion, remember, not those Romans.

[Going to the body.] And to-night we shall be marching from this poor earth, pursuing Cæsar, marching to many trumpets, under the stars, singing as we march. I shall end Sulla's war, now.

*The Chief Centurions enter.*

A trumpeter there. Strike camp. Prepare to march.  
[A Centurion going out, calls.]

Take up the body.

1ST CENTURION.

Man is a sacred city, built of marvellous earth.

2ND CENTURION.

Life was lived nobly here to give this body birth.

3RD CENTURION.

Something was in this brain and in this eager hand.

4TH CENTURION.

Death is so dumb and blind, Death cannot understand.

[They lift the bier.]

Death drifts the brain with dust and soils the young limbs' glory.

Death makes women a dream and men a traveller's story,

Death drives the lovely soul to wander under the sky,

Death opens unknown doors. It is most grand to die.

[They go out chanting, followed by POMPEY.]

LENTULUS, DOMITIUS, THEOPHANES and LUCCEIUS remain.

DOMI. Lentulus. Lucceius. Look here.

[He draws them aside.]

[Now without comes a shaking blast from a trumpet. It is taken up and echoed by many trumpets, near and far, blowing the legionary calls, till the air rings.]

*Curtain.*

## SCENE II

*The same. Taper light. Dawn later.*  
*POMPEY writing. Enter LUCCEIUS.*

LUCC. Not in bed, Magnus?

POMPEY. I have had evil dreams.

Are you from Rounds?

Is all quiet?

LUCC. Yes.

There is a light near Cæsar's camp. They are burning their dead.

Our scouts took two lancers. They say that Cæsar's men are dying. Of fever and hunger.

POMPEY. Yes. He must surrender within a few days. And so they are burning their dead?

LUCC. Yes.

POMPEY. Now we have Rome to settle.

[*Pause.*

I lie awake, thinking.

What are we, Lucceius?

LUCC. Who knows? Dust with a tragic purpose. Then an end.

POMPEY. No. But what moves us?

I saw a madman in Egypt. He was eyeless with staring at the sun. He said that ideas come out of the East, like locusts. They settle on the nations and give them life; and then pass on, dying, to the wilds, to end in some scratch on a bone, by a caveman's fire.

I have been thinking that he was wise, perhaps. Some new swarm of ideas has been settling on Rome. A new kind of life is being born. A new spirit. I thought a year ago that it was crying out for the return of kings, and personal rule. I see now that it is only crying out for a tyrant to sweep the old life away.

Rome has changed, Lucceius. Outwardly, she is the same, still. A city which gives prizes to a few great people. A booth where the rabble can sell their souls for bread, and their bodies for the chance of plunder. Inwardly, she is a great democratic power struggling with obsolete laws.

Rome must be settled on democratic lines.

LUCC. [*surprised*]. That would be a denial of your whole life, Magnus.

You have been crushing democracy for forty years.

POMPEY. I have crushed rebellions. I mean now to crush their cause.

There must be a change. A great change.

*Enter* METELLUS, DOMITIUS, LENTULUS.

LUCC. [*giving paper*]. This is my report. [*He salutes and goes. At the door, he pauses, looking out.*] The pyre is still burning. They must be dying like flies. [*Exit.*

METELLUS [*As the Generals sit facing POMPEY*]. Cæsar has sent to me privately, Magnus, to beg me to ask terms from you. I sent back his letter without comment.

The war is over; but we are not yet secure. We shall have to garrison the provinces for some years with men whom we can trust.

Spain and Gaul are arranged for among ourselves. It is the lesser appointments. Magnus, I want your voice, on behalf of Lucius Tuditanus. I was thinking of sending him as my deputy into Asia.

POMPEY. Is that the soldier Tuditanus, who did so well under you? [*To DOMITIUS.*

DOMI. No. His nephew.

MET. He's a young man on my personal staff.

POMPEY. Has he qualified for the prætorship?

MET. No. Not in the strict legal sense. But he was of the greatest use to me in Asia. He would be competent.

POMPEY. In what way was he of use to you?

MET. In the collection of tribute. You see, the rich disputed our assessments. They hoped to wrangle in Court, without paying, till Cæsar saved them. Tuditanus stopped that. He suggested that we should send round expert valuers with each tax-patrol. Claims were judged on the spot, and the tax paid, or distrained, there and then. Often the patrols did not have to unsaddle. And as we needed the money quickly, the system was of great use to me.

POMPEY. Yes. But the law is plain, Metellus. A prætor and a prætor's deputy represent Rome. It is a responsible office. They judge and govern in Rome's name. Men must be trained for it. What has Tuditanus done, besides this tax-collection, that the laws should be broken for him?

LENT. His father has made many sacrifices for us.

POMPEY. There is a growing belief in Rome that a sacrifice should be a good investment. Anything else? ✓

MET. He is one of those brilliant young men, of proved

loyalty, for whom we ought to provide. I recommend him to you.

POMPEY. That is much in his favour. But I want proof that he can govern. Tell me, Metellus. Where has he shown administrative talent?

MET. He has not shown it. He is a man whom we ought to bind to us. He would soon learn. We could give him a staff of old soldiers, to steady him, at first.

POMPEY. Has he any power of command? Where has he served?

DOMI. He was in the horse for a time, in Lycia.

POMPEY [*to METELLUS*]. What recommended him to you?

MET. Never mind the merit. I am contending for the principle, that our friends must be rewarded.

POMPEY. Yes. But prætorian power. No. He must qualify.

LENT. Before you reject him, will you not see him? Metellus and Domitius would not recommend him without grave reason. I might say, without urgent reason.

POMPEY. I want an imperative reason. Without that, it would be a gross act of favouritism. And illegal. As for the results, we have seen such prætors. We should have a rising, and possibly a frontier war. No. Tuditanus cannot be prætor.

MET. Remember, Magnus. Tuditanus is one of many. Others are in the same position. With a right to expect employment.

POMPEY. Peace will try their quality.

There are men with Cæsar with a right to expect employment.

[*The Generals look at each other and sigh.*]

DOMI. There is another point. We are going back to Rome. Rome is in a rebellious, unsettled state. We must secure ourselves.

I ask that every man of any standing in Rome be brought to trial, even if he have remained neutral. If the rebels have attacked authority, the neutrals have ignored it. And both must suffer. Rebellion must be stamped out.

[*Gives paper.*]

The four hundred men in this list have actively helped the rebellion. There can be no question of trial for them. I ask that they be put to death.

POMPEY. That is out of the question. War will end

when Cæsar surrenders. I cannot allow reprisals. I want Rome settled.

LENT. Perhaps you will explain how you plan to administer Rome. When we return.

MET. [*softly*]. There will be an amnesty for offences committed?

POMPEY. Yes.

DOMI. You will pardon these rebels?

POMPEY. If they submit.

LENT. [*slowly*]. Will you allow them to help in the reconstruction?

POMPEY [*hotly*]. Yes. Power is in too few hands. There must be a change in Rome. I would have these four hundred firebrands made Senators, to help us make the change wisely.

MET. So.

DOMI. Magnus. There is only one way of settling Rome. By showing her who is master in a way which she'll remember.

LENT. Any dallying with these rebels will leave us where we were before. Hated, and flouted by the rabble, and in danger from it. Losing our privileges, one by one. Losing our possessions and our power. Magnus, I would ask you to weigh this proposal very carefully. It affects the future of the patrician idea.

POMPEY. And of Rome. What kind of future do you expect from a massacre like this? I will tell you what you will get. You will drive these four hundred firebrands into the Provinces, where it will take five years of war to crush them.

No. I'll go back with peace. Not a man shall be touched.

LENT. Before we go back with peace, we must end the war. I have had letters from Rome.

Popular voice in Rome says that we have feared to risk a battle. That the war drags on, when it could be ended in a day.

That we dare not kill these representatives of the people.

That is a dangerous spirit in a city which we are about to rule. That spirit can only be broken by decisive success. We must go back with victory. A battle is certain victory to ourselves. We ask you to give battle.

MET. We have asked this before, without success. We ask it now, feeling it to be a grave need. Lentulus has



mentioned it as a political expedient. I add to that this, that our treasury is nearly empty. We have no means of raising more money. We have drained Spain and Asia for years to come. And your inactive plan of campaign has killed our credit. We must fight. We cannot afford to keep the field for another month.

POMPEY. Cæsar cannot keep the field for another week.

DOMI. Cæsar will drag on, day by day, till the corn is ripe. It is not many days now to harvest. You let his men get a full provision and you will see how long they will keep the field. I could break that impostor's strength with the horse alone.

POMPEY. I can break his strength without risking a life. I will not give battle. Be thankful that we can end such a war with so little bloodshed. *[The Generals rise.]*

DOMI. You are the oldest, Lentulus.

LENT. It may lose us votes, remember. You are the most popular.

MET. Perhaps I should do it. I am related.

POMPEY. What do you wish to say?

MET. Magnus. I have to speak to you.

You love power too well.

Your command ends with war.

You have tried to prolong your command by neglecting to end the war.

But the war is over.

You plan now to retain command while you impose your will upon the State. That is a menace to the Republic. We have been forced to convoke the Senate to discuss it.

The Senate has sanctioned the appointment of Tuditanus, and the list of the proscribed. It also commands that you give battle to Cæsar.

*[He gives a paper.]*

*[POMPEY walks up stage slowly, then down. He stands at table, fronting them.]*

POMPEY. What do you expect me to say, Conscript Fathers? That I refuse to obey this order?

I could refuse.

If I were Cæsar, or Lentulus. Or you, Domitius. Or Metellus. I should refuse.

And my soldiers, or Cæsar's there, would work my will on a Senate which had so insulted me.

But I am Pompey the Great. I am bound by my military oath.

Do not think to humble me. Death is a little thing to the loss of conscience.

Death is easier than life to me.

But even if I die, Rome will be a prey to unscrupulous men.

There is no hope for Rome. She ends here. Disaster begins.

But for me, you would now be beggars at Cæsar's doors. I saved Rome from Cæsar.

And now Rome is to beg her life from you. You have used Pompey the Great to ruin her.

But you have first to fight for her.

You shall give your sin a dignity, by risking your lives for it.

*[He strikes the gong.]*

*Enter an Aide.*

*[To Aide.]* Give the signal for battle. *[Exit Aide.]*

You have your will, now.

This is the end.

And at the end, think what it is which you destroy.

Rome is nothing to you. Only the reward of greed, and hate, and pride.

The city where justice was born.

Look beyond your passions, at what Rome is. It is the state of Rome, not passion, which concerns us now.

A little while ago, she was a market-town, governed by farmers. Now she rules Europe.

And in herself no change. Cramped still. Fettered. The same laws. The same rulers. Like iron on her heart.

And forty years of civil war. All my life. A blind turbulent heaving towards freedom.

*[Without, a confused noise as of many men stirring from sleep. Shouted orders are clearly heard above the murmur.]*

THE ORDERS. Fall in. Dress. Cohort. By the right. Cohort, to the left, wheel. Eyes left. Cohort. Fifers, three paces to the—Attention, etc., etc. Cohort. Salute, etc.

*[In a moment's silence a trumpet blows outside the tent. Cheering.]*

POMPEY. Five minutes ago I had Rome's future in my hand. She was wax to my seal. I was going to free her. Now is the time to free her. You can tear the scales and

the chains from her. You can make her a State so splendid that Athens would be a dust-heap to her.

You will not.

You will drive her back three centuries, so that you may wreak your passions on her.

Go on, then. Destroy her. Or be destroyed.

Whether you win or lose, Rome ends.

[*A pause. Orders without.*

ORDERS. The cohort will advance in—— Cohort, halt. Ground arms. Attention. Form four deep. Attention. By the right. Quick march. Cohort. Cohort. To the left. Turn.

DOMI. What orders have you?

[*For the next minute or two a noise of troops moving.*

POMPEY. You have fought this battle many times in your hearts. [*He flings the doors wide, showing a bright dawn.*] Now you will fight it in earnest. You will fight the wild beasts whom I could have starved like beasts.

Go to your divisions.

[*The Generals go out silently. POMPEY stands by the table.*

ORDERS. Cohort. Halt. Ground arms. Attention. Form four deep. Cohort. Left turn.

*Enter PHILIP. POMPEY does not look at him.*

*Fifes of a cohort pass.*

PHILIP. Do you want me, my lord?

POMPEY [*turning*]. Can you sing, Philip?

PHILIP. Sing, my lord?

POMPEY. Yes.

PHILIP. I don't know, my lord.

POMPEY. What was that song we had? That night. In the Asian wars. When we broke Mithridates?

PHILIP [*hesitating*]. I don't know whether I can, my lord.

POMPEY. Sing.

PHILIP. I'll try, my lord.

[*He repeats.*

Though we are ringed with spears, though the last hope is gone,

Romans stand firm, the Roman dead look on.

Before our sparks of life blow back to him who gave,

Burn clear, brave hearts, and light our pathway to the grave.

POMPEY. Take my purple, Philip.

*[He flings his purple aside.]*

A CENTURION. Eyes left. Salute.

A COHORT PASSING. Hail! Pompey. Imperator.

*[Trumpets.]*

*Curtain.*

## ACT III

*The Poop of a Lesbian Merchantman of the First Century B.C. On each side, the bulwark of a ship; painted green. There are gaps, or gangways, in these bulwarks, so that people may go down the ship's side into boats.*

*At back of stage, the poop-rail, also painted green. A wooden belfry with a bell stands upon the middle of the poop-rail. On each side of the bell is a ladder leading down to the main deck. Gaps in the poop-rail allow people to reach the poop by these ladders.*

*Above the deck, sloping from amidships like a tent, is an awning of blue and white baftas. This awning has a flap, which falls at back of stage, hiding the poop from the main deck. On both sides of the stage the awning is secured by stops to guys above the ship's bulwarks.*

*In the centre of the stage (if the theatre stage is so built) is a hatchway, surrounded by a raised white rim or coaming. This leads down to the cabins.*

*Behind it is a mast (painted 'mast colour') which rises up through the awning.*

*Round the mast is a square of timbers, like a stout fence. These are the bitts, to which the running rigging is belayed.*

*Stout ropes and blocks lead along the mast.*

*Attendants, Sailors, etc., etc., keep always to the starboard side out of respect to POMPEY, who uses the weather, or honourable side.*

*At the rising of the curtain Captain is standing by poop-rail, looking at the men at work forward. The Boy holds up the awning so that he can see under it.]*

---

THE CHANTYMAN [*heard off, amid a click of pawls*]. Old Pompey lost Pharsalia fight.

THE SAILORS [*heaving at the forward capstan*].

Mark well what I do say.

THE CHANTY.

Old Pompey lost Pharsalia fight.

THE SAILORS.

And Cæsar now is the world's delight.

And I'll go no more a-roving,

With Pompey the Great.

A-roving. A-roving.

Since roving's been my ru-i-n.

I'll go no more a-roving

With Pompey the Great.

THE MATE [*from far forward*]. Avast heaving. Walk back. [*Pause.*] Unship your bars.

THE CAPTAIN. That'll do, boy. [*Boy drops awning.*] Now we're riding to a single anchor.

THE BOY. Yes, sir.

THE CAPT. [*kindly*]. D' you know what little port that is yonder?

THE BOY. No, sir.

THE CAPT. That's Pelusium, in Egypt. This is the Nile.

THE BOY. Is this where the King of Egypt lives, sir?

THE CAPT. [*pointing*]. Over yonder. Where all those soldiers are. That's where the King of Egypt is. Young King Ptolemy, who Pompey sent the letter to, after Cæsar beat him.

THE BOY. Why does Pompey come to him, sir. He's only a boy.

THE CAPT. It was through Pompey he became king. And there are lots of Pompey's old soldiers yonder. An army of them.

THE BOY. What a lot of ships, sir.

THE CAPT. [*anxiously*]. Ye-es. A lot of ships.

THE BOY. They must be men of war, sir. There's a bugle. Oh, look, sir, at those big galleys. Hark at the bugles. [*Bugle-calls off.*] Is that to call the slaves, sir?

THE CAPT. [*looking under the sharp of his hand*]. Is that a boat putting off from the flagship? That big galley nearest to us?

THE BOY. Yes, sir. Don't they pull well, sir? They're coming to us.

THE CAPT. Quick. Get the red side-ropes rove.

[*The Boy reeves side-ropes, which he takes from locker by the gangway.*]

THE BOY [*at his work*]. They're hailing us, sir.

A CRY. Ship ahoy! Ahoy, you!

THE CAPT. Hulloh!

A CRY. What ship is that?

THE CAPT. The *Fortune*. From Cyprus.

A CRY. Have you Lord Pompey aboard you?

THE CAPT. Yes. Lord Pompey's aboard us. Down below. [*Pause.*]

THE BOY. They seem to be talking together, sir.

A CRY. When did you leave Cyprus?

THE CAPT. [*humbly*]. At noon, sir, yesterday.

[*A pause.*]  
A CRY. D'ye hear there? You're not to send any boat ashore.

THE CAPT. Ay, ay, my lord.

THE BOY. They're pulling back to the ship, sir.

THE CAPT. [*testily*]. Quick. Dip our streamer. Dip our streamer, boy. Don't you know enough for that? [*The Boy runs aft and dips the streamer.*] Again. Now. Once more. Here. [*He beckons.*] Go below quietly, and see if Lord Pompey's stirring. [*The Boy goes down the hatch. The Captain walks up and down, uneasily looking at the distant ships.*] No. No. I don't like it. [*He shakes his head.*] I wish we were out of it. [*Re-enter Boy.*] Well, lad?

THE BOY. Yes, sir. Lord Pompey's up, sir.

THE CAPT. Ah. [*Kindly.*] You'll be able to tell them, when you get home, that you were shipmates with Pompey the Great.

THE BOY. Yes, sir.

THE CAPT. That's what comes of being a sailor.

THE BOY. Please, sir.

THE CAPT. Yes, boy.

THE BOY. What is the name of that mountain, sir?

THE CAPT. That? That's Mount Cassius. There's a tale about that mountain. Something about a king. Or some one to die there. I forget. Here. What are they doing aboard those galleys?

THE BOY. They are filling full of soldiers. Soldiers are putting off to them in boats.

THE CAPT. [*striking the bell once*]. Mr. Mate, there!

THE MATE [*below, out of sight*]. Sir.

*Enter MATE.*

THE CAPT. Oh, Mr. Mate. Here, boy. What are you listening at? Go forward. And if you want to see your mother again, you pray. Pray that King Ptolemy'll let you.

[*Exit Boy.*]  
[*The Captain speaks intently to the Mate.*] Look here. We're done. Pompey is n't wanted here. Those eunuchs have put the King against him. See those galleys? They're getting ready to sink us. If you see one of them getting under way, cut the cable. Don't wait for orders. Cut the cable, and hoist sail.

THE MATE. I'll make all ready, sir.

THE CAPT. It makes your blood boil, though. A week back they'd have crawled all round Pompey for a chance to kiss his footman's boots. Now they're going to drive him out.

THE MATE. Well sir. You can't expect gratitude from a king, they say. The world's wide. There's other lands besides Egypt. Egypt's got trouble enough, without Pompey. What did he come here for? That's what I don't see.

THE CAPT. He's had a misfortune. One does n't know where to turn when one's had a misfortune. And having a wife and that. Very likely he's beside himself, for all he does n't take on.

THE MATE. He'd ought to have come with his fleet. That would have frightened them. Coming alone like this makes people think he's a beggar. D'you think they'll ram us?

THE CAPT. I don't trust them.

THE MATE. The hands don't trust them, neither.

THE CAPT. Ah! the growlers. What do they say?

THE MATE. They're saying they did n't sign on to be rammed.

THE CAPT. They signed for what I choose.

THE MATE. Yes, sir. They're afraid of the soldiers and that.

THE CAPT. They got sense. If I were Pompey, I'd run for it. A man with a wife like that did n't ought to seek trouble. Well. God send pay day! Watch the hands and stand by. That's your job.

THE MATE. I'll make all clear, sir. Bosun, there!

BOSUN [*off*]. Sir?

THE MATE. Overhaul your gear. Have all ready for getting under way.

BOSUN. Have all ready, sir. I will, sir. [*Whistle.*

THE MATE [*going*]. There's his steward, sir. [*Exit.*

THE CAPT. Steward.

PHILIP [*entering*]. Sir.

THE CAPT. Oh! Steward. [PHILIP *approaches*.] Look here, Steward. What's Pompey's object in coming here?

PHILIP. He's come to see the King.

THE CAPT. Is he come to ask for shelter?

PHILIP. He's come to raise another army out of all his old soldiers here.



THE CAPT. He won't get any soldiers here. They're all at the wars. The young King's fighting his sister.

PHILIP. That will be patched up. The young King thinks the world of my master. He'll do what Pompey wants.

THE CAPT. He has n't answered Pompey's letter yet.

PHILIP. No?

THE CAPT. We've been told not to send a boat ashore.

PHILIP. Well, all I know is, the young King longs to honour Pompey. But for Pompey, the old King would have died a poor flute-player in Ephesus. You can see for yourself he's coming. There's his state barge at the jetty. Look. They're out on the roofs. There's music.

*Enter POMPEY.*

THE CAPT. [*unconvinced*]. It may be as you say, steward. Ah.

[*He starts, salutes, and hastily crosses to the starboard, or lee side.*]

PHILIP. My lord. Do you know what day it is, my lord?

POMPEY. What day is it?

PHILIP. The day of your triumph, my lord. Your Asian triumph. Thirteen years ago.

POMPEY. Is it so long ago? That was a great day.

PHILIP. Yes, indeed, my lord, I'll never forget that day. We always like to keep it up with a little something among ourselves.

We brought you a few figs, my lord. They're only Cretans. [*He offers figs.*] Just in honour of the day, my lord. If you would accept of them.

POMPEY [*taking and tasting*]. Thank you, Philip. [*To the Captain.*] This old servant of mine is always bent on spoiling me.

THE CAPT. Yes, my lord. So I see.

PHILIP [*going*]. I'm sure I hope to-day will be a great day too, my lord. [*Exit PHILIP.*]

POMPEY. It should be, Philip. [*He lays figs on weather fife-rail.*] Captain!

THE CAPT. Yes, my lord.

POMPEY. Has any one come aboard for me?

THE CAPT. No, my lord.

POMPEY. Thank you.

THE CAPT. Beg pardon, my lord.

POMPEY. Well?

THE CAPT. The flagship has ordered us not to send a boat ashore. I thought I ought to report it, my lord.

POMPEY. Thank you, Captain. A fine fleet here.

THE CAPT. [*meaningly*]. They seem to be getting their crews aboard.

POMPEY. What speed have those galleys?

THE CAPT. Those there, my lord? They might make seventeen. That's with good rowers. And dead calm. And the ships new out of dock. In a wind like this, they wouldn't make more'n about eight. They can't work their oars in a sea-way. [*Pause.*] Now's the time, my lord, if you think of putting to sea. By and by, may be, they'll be able to stop us.

POMPEY. Thank you, Captain.

THE CAPT. I'll report any boat, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Enter CORNELIA.*

CORN. Has the King sent?

POMPEY. No.

CORN. No answer?

POMPEY. Not yet.

CORN. Can he know we are here?

POMPEY. Yes. He will come. He will come in person.

CORN. Why has he not come already?

POMPEY. It is early.

CORN. Do you think it is safe to wait? It is ominous. This silence. And all those ships. And the people crowding on the roofs. What if the King be against us?

POMPEY. He cannot be. Do not be afraid.

*Enter THEOPHANES.*

THEOPHANES. Magnus. They have sent an order. We are not to send a boat ashore. They are plotting something.

POMPEY. If they were plotting, they would ask us to come ashore.

CORN. But why should we not send a boat, if they are friendly?

POMPEY. The King will be coming in person. Then there was plague in Cyprus. We have not got a clean bill.

CORN. But to be ordered.

THEO. The Admiral should have come.

POMPEY. This is a merchantman. We are not under Roman colours.

CORN. The Captain there is anxious. Look at him.

THEO. Ask him.

POMPEY. I remember in my first war, in Africa. I had a young legate.

He was like you, Theophanes. We were marching against a hill-tribe which lived on a crag. There was a gulch below the crag. Prisoners told us that the gulch was a raging spate, fifty feet deep. So my legate loaded his men with wood, and hides, and ropes. He was going to bridge the torrent. They marched many miles in the sun, dragging their loads. And the gulch was bone-dry, Theophanes. One could walk across it. And the troops arrived, too tired to climb the crag. Energy is for the great things. The rest of life is mechanics.

It is necessary for the world that I see King Ptolemy.

[*The Captain flings down the halliard coil and goes below.*]

Strange. Is there any Cassius with Ptolemy?

CORN. Lucius Cassius is dead, surely.

THEO. There's Quintus Cassius. But he is in Spain.

CORN. Is there not Cneius Cassius? He was legate in one of Cæsar's legions?

POMPEY. Cneius? I thought he was killed?

THEO. I could find out. Sextus would know.

POMPEY. No. Do not wake him. It is absurd.

CORN. Why do you ask?

POMPEY. When I was in Africa, at that time, an old woman bade me beware of Cassius. I have not thought of it for thirty-four years. An old black hag. Sitting in the sun, there. By the ruins of Carthage. Geminus was riding with me. She hobbled up on a crutch and plucked at my rein. 'Young captain. You beware of Cassius. You that ride so proud, beware of Cassius. The sand is falling.'

CORN. Why should you think of that now?

POMPEY. Because I am going to victory, as I was then.

[*The Hands come aft.*]

THE MATE [*following*]. Get down off the poop. If you want anything, send a man aft.

1ST HAND. Begging your pardon, your honour. We want to speak.

2ND HAND. We mean to speak.

3RD HAND. We want to know why we're brought here.

4TH HAND. And how long we're to stay here.

2ND HAND. He's been beaten.

4TH HAND. He's got no friends. Our lives are as good to us as his is.

THE MATE. Down off the poop! Down with you! Bosun, there! [Struggling.

POMPEY. What is the matter?

[Struggling ends. Pause.

1ST HAND. Begging your pardon, your honour. We wanted to see the Captain.

POMPEY [to the Mate]. What is their grievance?

THE MATE. Some more of their fancies, my lord. [To the Hands.] Get over to leeward.

POMPEY. They seem a good lot. What is it?

THE MATE. Oh, the Captain'll soon settle it, my lord. [To the Hands.] You wait.

[Exit by hatch to find Captain. Pause. POMPEY takes a half turn, and then speaks.

POMPEY [to Hands]. Of what do you complain?

1ST HAND. Begging your pardon, your honour. We'd rather wait for the Captain.

POMPEY. What is wrong, though? Tell me.

1ST HAND. I'd rather not say, my lord.

POMPEY [takes a half turn, and speaks again]. Come. What is the trouble? Is it the food? Or the drink?

1ST HAND. Begging your pardon, your honour. We don't like the look of things.

POMPEY. What things?

1ST HAND. Begging your honour's pardon, the ships there.

2ND HAND. They're getting ready to sink us.

POMPEY. Why do you think that?

3RD HAND. You can see the soldiers going aboard them, can't you?

1ST HAND [to 3RD]. Here now. Here.

3RD HAND [to 1ST]. What's wrong? It's the truth. Is n't it?

POMPEY. So they are going aboard to sink us? Why should they sink us?

3RD HAND. Because you're aboard us. [He stands out.] You're not wanted here. You're no good to Ptolemy. Caesar's the man, now, not you. You're no more than what we are.

[To the Hands.] And we're to be drowned, are we,

because his mightiness that was is worth more dead than alive? He's down. He's no one. He's had fellows die for him for forty years. It's time he learned what it feels like himself.

4TH HAND. That's what I say.

3RD HAND. Come on!

2ND HAND. Man the halliards.

3RD HAND. We'll carry you to Caesar. And sell you.

POMPEY. Stand back!

You say that the soldiers are coming to sink us?

There are five thousand troops there, and fifty ships.

Are they all coming to sink us?

It seems a large force to sink one ship, manned by such a company.

3RD HAND. Here. Look here!

1ST HAND. { [[to 3RD]. You'll get us hanged.

2ND HAND. { Give him sheet.

4TH HAND. { How about us? That's what I say.

POMPEY. If I am still so terrible, I must save you. I will go to the flagship yonder. Man your boat.

3RD HAND. You will go to the flagship?

1ST HAND [*alarmed*]. Look at her. There.

4TH HAND. Look.

2ND HAND. Look at her. She's got her oars out.

1ST HAND. She's coming. We're gone up.

1ST HAND [*holding him*]. No, you don't.

3RD HAND. Then he'll go first.

*Enter Captain.*

THE CAPT. She's coming, my lord. Shall I cut? We might do it, even now.

POMPEY. She is not coming. And if she were, what is death?

THE CAPT. Hard times for the widow, my lord.

POMPEY [*to the men*]. Leave the ropes.

Do you think the soul can be quenched with water? Or cut with swords? Or burned?

3RD HAND. I know my body can, my lord.

POMPEY. You do well to fear death. Go to your place.

[*Musingly.*] If death can crush what comprehends heaven? Why? We are in a bad way, Captain.

[*The Hands file off, quietly. POMPEY looks down on the main deck. The Captain stands apart anxiously*

*watching the flagship. CORNELIA and THEOPHANTOS  
eye each other.*

CORN. Is the flagship coming?

THEO. She is ready to come.

CORN. To sink us?

THEO. She could sink us.

CORN. I cannot bear this.

*[POMPEY turning, walks towards them.]*

THEO. We ought to have gone to our fleet. We're helpless like this.

CORN. Magnus. This is n't what we planned.

POMPEY. Let me reassure you. Egypt is friendly to me.

I saved her independence. I made the elder Ptolemy King. The young King is my ward, bound to me by intimate ties. Those troops are veterans of my Asian Army.

THEO. The young King's at his wits' end with civil war. How can he begin a war with Cæsar?

POMPEY. Cæsar will begin a war with him whether he takes me or rejects me. Cæsar wants Egypt, as Ptolemy very well knows.

CORN. *[bitterly]*. And we are suppliants to him. We Romans. To whom they should strike their flags. *[After a pause, quickly.]* See if they refuse to salute us.

THEO. We should know what to expect then.

CORN. Oh, let us be certain. Hoist your colours.

POMPEY. It is not time yet. I will hoist them when the watch ends. *[The Captain strikes the bell once.]*

THE CAPT. One bell, my lord.

POMPEY. The watch is nearly out?

THE CAPT. Nearly, my lord. Will you hoist any colours, my lord?

POMPEY. My consular colours.

THE CAPT. I'm only a merchantman, my lord. If they should refuse to salute, my lord?

POMPEY. You will go alongside the flagship there, and order her to salute.

THE CAPT. *[going]*. I am all ready to get under way, my lord. Bosun, there! Stand by. Mr. Mate. Boy, there!

*[He goes to the break of the poop and looks down on main deck.]*

Are your colours bent on, Centurion?

CENTURION *[off]*. Tell him, yes.

BOY [*off*]. All ready to hoist, sir.

THE CAPT. [*coming to POMPEY*]. All ready, my lord. Will you make eight bells, my lord?

POMPEY. When it is time. [*He paces leisurely.*

THEOPHANES. Have you your tables?

THEO. Yes.

POMPEY. I shall want you to take notes.

[*To CORNELIA.*] What was that passage about the soul? We were reading it that day at Alba, when the women brought you their first-fruits? Our first year. We were in the garden. You were reading to me. There was a verse about the soul.

CORN. The upright soul is safe?

POMPEY. Yes. That was the verse. I have always loved Alba. I was there as a child. We were happy there, that year.

CORN. Very happy. And that day. The doves came, picking the spilled grain. And at night there was a moon.

POMPEY. All the quiet valley. And the owls were calling. Those little grey owls. Make eight bells, Captain.

[*The Captain makes it. The Bosun pipes the colours up.*

THE CAPT. Not so fast there, boy.

[*Eight bells is echoed over the harbour from ship to ship. POMPEY and THEOPHANES raise their right hands. Perhaps CORNELIA ought to veil.*

THEO. The flagship is hoisting her ensign. [*Bugles off.*

CORN. Will she salute? Will she salute? There.

THEO. There. She dips it.

CORN. They all salute.

THEO. Then we are safe.

POMPEY. That is settled, then. I am to be received.

Now to work.

Captain, there.

THE CAPT. Yes, my lord.

POMPEY. What water have you?

THE CAPT. In the bay here, my lord? Three fathoms. Further in there's mudbanks.

POMPEY. I mean in cask aboard?

THE CAPT. Oh. A matter of four days, my lord.

POMPEY. Good. When I go ashore, you will proceed at once to Corfu, with your utmost speed. I give you four days.

THE CAPT. To Corfu? Very good, my lord.

[*Goes apart.*]

POMPEY. Theophanes. You will go in this ship to my son at Corfu. Order his fleet to sea at once. He is to seize Crete. He is then to cruise between Rhodes and Crete, to impeach Cæsar on his way here.

THEO. It is a bad season for a fleet to be cruising.

POMPEY. War's an affair of bad seasons. There was never yet a favourable moment for anything.

THEO. Very good. Am I to join your son?

POMPEY. No. You will go on to Durazzo, to Cato. Order Cato to come here with all the troops and stores in his charge.

Octavius is at Durazzo with a fleet.

Half the fleet will transport Cato's command. The other half will sail to join Cneius.

Octavius must sail instantly, even without water.

If he raises difficulties, break him, and give the command to Coponius.

That will put two fleets between Cæsar and Egypt.

They should be on their stations in ten days.

THEO. Why not attack Cæsar in Ephesus?

POMPEY. No. I want the war kept out of Asia at all costs.

They will catch Cæsar at sea, with half his troops seasick. When they fall in with him, they are to engage him, at whatever disadvantage. I will send them supplies from here.

CORN. But Cæsar will come from Cyprus, as we came? Ships stationed off Crete will miss him. They will be too far to the west.

POMPEY. Cæsar is collecting transport at Ephesus till he learns that we have left Syria. When he hears that, he will guess that we have come here, and that the King has received us. He will see the danger. He will strike instantly, with whatever troops he may have. And he will strike at the strategic heart, which is the capital, Alexandria.

I am arranging the fleets so that he may never pass Crete.

Yes. Now. Theophanes. In case Cæsar should return to Rome, before coming here. Laelius is blockading Brindisi. Cassius will be at Messina, blockading the Straits.

From Durazzo you must sail to Brindisi. See Laelius. Tell him my dispositions. Order him to press the blockade at all hazards lest Cæsar should travel overland through



Macedonia. Then go to Cassius. You will find him at Messina. Order him to cruise off Point Malea, lest Cæsar should come by sea. You understand my orders?

THEO. Yes.

POMPEY. If, in spite of these precautions, Cæsar should evade the fleets and come here, I shall attack him with Cato's men.

THEO. And the ships here?

POMPEY. No. The Egyptians must not think that they are being used to fight my quarrels.

If, on the other hand, Cæsar should reach Rome, he will organise a campaign against us.

He could come by sea. I can hold the sea.

He could come by Africa. I can hold Africa.

He could come by Syria. We must get hold of Syria. I shall send to Pharnaces, King of Pontus. He must seize Antioch and hold Syria for us.

CORN. But that is giving power to Rome's bitterest enemy. It will break our hold on Asia.

POMPEY. The problem now is to keep Rome out of Asia. Rome is dead.

CORN. What are you going to do, then? Why do you come here?

POMPEY. Not to ask for troops. I come here because Egypt is the key to Rome. Where the wealth is, the government must be. Sooner or later, Rome will be rebuilt on that site.

The Egyptians know that. They fear us. If I had come with a fleet they would have attacked us.

THEO. Coming alone, you have put yourself into their power.

POMPEY. Life requires a dignity.

If Ptolemy fear me, I can reassure him. I can give him power. I have only to restore order here to make Egypt the greatest power in the world. She is the granary of the world. All the trade of the East passes through her. Rome is her one possible enemy. I can guard her from Rome.

Rome on the other hand is torn to pieces with civil war. She is threatened by Gaul and German. Her food supply is at the mercy of the first pirate with the wit to organise. Her wealth is in the East here, where she can neither govern it nor protect it. A strong power in the East has Rome by the throat. Egypt shall be that power.

I have no part in Rome henceforth. She must settle to

her shame with the bully who wins her. I shall re-make the idea of Rome here.

CORN. Cneius. I am foolish. These days are breaking my heart. Listen. Ptolemy is a boy. You are coming to be a master over him. He will fear you and hate you and betray you.

POMPEY. Look at it calmly.

CORN. I cannot look at it calmly. I am frightened.

POMPEY. This is Ptolemy's last chance of saving Egypt's independence. If he receive me, I will make Egypt a power. If he reject me, Cæsar will run no risks. This will be a Roman province within six months. Ptolemy must see that.

CORN. Ptolemy will only see what his ministers make him see. What is to happen to us if Ptolemy rejects you?

POMPEY. We are men.

THEO. Magnus, I have a suggestion to make. Whatever happens, whether we give up Rome or not, we have first to destroy Cæsar. You have two strong armies with King Juba. Why not go to them now instead of waiting the pleasure of an Egyptian boy?

POMPEY. King Juba is a savage. Shall I wait King Juba's pleasure?

THEO. Mettellus has joined King Juba.

POMPEY. He degrades his house and city, then.

CORN. See Cato before you act.

THEO. Or go to Cato. Make your naval dispositions as you suggest. But join your forces. Come to Ptolemy when Cæsar is destroyed. Come with a conquering fleet.

POMPEY. That is how the wolf wooed the kid. But the marriage was a failure.

THEO. As I was saying just now, in our present state we are not even safe from insult.

POMPEY. An upright soul is safe.

CORN. Take me out of this horrible place. The mountain there is like a skull. A skull in a scurf of sand. Look at it.

POMPEY. I must be here. The King expects me. If I draw back here Liberty will be stamped out. Life will be baser all over the world.

THE CAPT. I beg pardon, my lord. I think his Majesty the King is coming off to fetch you. The barge is putting off, my lord.

THEO. She is past the jetty.

THE CAPT. Side-boys there, Mr. Mate. Stand by, bosun, to pipe the side. [*Enter Side-boys who line up by port gangway.*] Be ready, all of you, to salute his Majesty.

[COTTA, PHILIP, and others enter.]

THEO. Is that the King? Is that Ptolemy?

CORN. So he is coming.

POMPEY. Theophanes. Cæsar has friends in Arabia. Longus. Where is Longus?

THEO. He had a night guard. He is below.

POMPEY. There must be a league of all the Asian powers to resist Roman aggression. I shall hold Egypt, the left. The King of Arabia must hold the centre. Longus must go to Arabia to win the King. See to that, Theophanes.

THEO. I will call him.

POMPEY. Wait. Pharnaces must hold our right, Syria and Armenia. Whom can we send to Pharnaces? Gellius must go to Pharnaces. They would agree. They are both famous horsemen. Yes. Gellius. Pharnaces must attack Antioch at once.

THEO. Antioch will be open to the sea, remember.

POMPEY. The fleets will blockade Antioch after attacking Cæsar. You have everything? You understand.

THEO. Yes.

THE CAPT. [*approaching*]. Another boat is putting off from the shore, my lord.

POMPEY [*looking*]. What is she?

THE CAPT. Looks like one of the pearl-boats, my lord, which work the pearl-beds here.

POMPEY. Something of the kind. Is the King within hail?

THE CAPT. [*looking*]. Nearly, my lord.

POMPEY. Thank you, Captain.

[*To CORNELIA.*] You come with me.

Theophanes. You will sail directly I leave you.

Remember. The fleets must take up their positions at once. So. Good fortune! Now for the King.

THE CAPT. She is within hail now, my lord, if you'll give the word.

POMPEY. Salute.

THE CAPT. Hands! Salute. [*The Bosun pipes. A Boy bangs the bell. The Bugler makes a sorry noise.*] Display your streamers.

THEO. [*in a pause of the noise*]. She does not answer.

CORN. She is going past us.

THEO. She is going to the flagship.

POMPEY. Cease that noise there.

THEO. Wait.

CORN. She has gone alongside the flagship.

THEO. The King was smiling.

CORN. It was an insult.

COTTA. Dismiss. Break away, there!

POMPEY. As you were.

THE CAPT. My lord. Shall I put to sea?

POMPEY. No. Wait the King's pleasure.

CORN. We are flouted by a boy of thirteen.

POMPEY. Wait. Let us see what he will do. What do you think?

THEO. It was deliberate. It was like a blow in the face.

POMPEY. It was not that. He is a boy. My reception will be unpopular. He is trying to reassure his admiral.

[*Going to CORNELIA.*] Uncertainty is worse to bear than defeat. You must do what I always did before a battle began. Imagine the sea. Any sea, rough or smooth. Imagine that you are sailing across it, in a straight course.

CORN. Just as they teach us to bear pain?

POMPEY. The mind is always stronger than its material.

THE CAPT. Will you look at that other boat, my lord?

POMPEY. She is not coming here?

THE CAPT. She is pulling this way, my lord.

CORN. She is a fishing-boat. What can she want?

THEO. Bringing us fish, perhaps. They supply ships coming from the sea. Is not that so, Captain?

THE CAPT. It is so, my lord. Bread and fish and figs.

The King is putting off from the flagship, my lord.

POMPEY. What will he do?

THEO. Is he coming here, now?

CORN. Wait.

THE CAPT. She's turning. No. There.

THEO. She's rowing ashore.

POMPEY. He is not coming here. What do you make of it, Cornelia? You think he means to insult me. It is impossible. He has only two courses, to accept me or to kill me. To insult me. It would be too childish. Well. Wait.

THE CAPT. My lord. About this other boat that's coming.

POMPEY. What do you make of her?

THE CAPT. They pull very badly, my lord. They pull like soldiers.

POMPEY. They are soldiers. I see the gleam of armour.

THEO. Seven soldiers.

THE CAPT. Am I to let them alongside, my lord?

POMPEY. Wait.

CORN. What can they be coming for?

POMPEY. What is the King doing?

THEO. He is stepping ashore.

POMPEY. Now he stands facing us, under an awning. Can he want me to go ashore to him?

THEO. Has he sent that rotten old boat for you?

CORN. You cannot go in that old boat.

THEO. Magnus. There is some treachery.

CORN. Cneius. It is a dreadful risk. To stay.

POMPEY. It is necessary. I must carry this thing through. You would rather I ran the risk than let the world become — what it will become.

CORN. Much rather.

POMPEY. You will understand, then.

THE CAPT. They are hailing, my lord. Would the lady go below a little? They might fling a dart on board.

CORN. The air is fresher here.

SEPTIMIUS [*off*]. Hail! Pompey. Imperator.

THE CAPT. We could still run for it, my lord.

POMPEY. We must not show that we mistrust them.

SEPT. [*off*]. Hail, Pompey, Imperator!

POMPEY. Have your men ready to salute.

SEPT. [*off*]. In bow.

CORN. Cneius. Cneius.

POMPEY. There is no danger. Have you the little book with my speech to Ptolemy?

CORN. Here it is.

SEPT. [*off*]. Toss your starboard oars. Way enough.

POMPEY. Company there. Salute.

THE CAPT. The call, there.

*Enter SEPTIMIUS, a Roman military tribune, with ACHILLAS EGYPTIAN, both in military dress. The Bosun pipes the side for each of them.*

POMPEY [*advancing*]. You come from King Ptolemy?  
[SEPTIMIUS salutes, ACHILLAS bows.]

ACHILLAS. From King Ptolemy. He send you royal greeting.

POMPEY. He wishes to see me?

ACHIL. He wish to see you. To be your friend.

POMPEY. Shall I bring the ship alongside the quay there?

ACHIL. There is much mud and sandbanks. There would be no water for this galley. You have to take a boat.

POMPEY [*glancing at ships*]. Your fleet is getting under way here?

ACHIL. [*shrugging his shoulders*]. Ah? Will you come into my boat?

POMPEY. She is not a very handsome boat.

ACHIL. No? It is bad weather sometimes.

POMPEY [*to SEPTIMIUS*]. I think I should know you, my friend. You and I have served together?

[SEPTIMIUS *nods, but does not answer.*

Where was it? I know your face. [*No answer.*

A long time ago. Eighteen years ago. In the war against the pirates? [*Pause.*] Was it not? [*No answer.*

You commanded a company in my guard. [*Pause.*] You did something? You burnt a ship one night? You paddled out alone and set fire to her? I remember you. I gave you a sword. You are wearing it now.

SEPT. [*turning to the boat, muttering to himself*]. I'm as good a man as you are.

ACHIL. You come in my little boat. I take you to the King. The King is your friend. Lovely lady, the King want to see him.

CORN. Yes.

POMPEY. I will follow you. Go down into the boat.

[ACHILLAS, *bowing, goes to gangway, where he stands, looking aft.*

POMPEY. Now.

THEO. Magnus. You must n't go.

CORN. Cneius. Cneius. What do they mean?

THEO. You must n't go, Magnus.

POMPEY. My beloved! You must stay here. You must not come.

CORN. My darling! What are they going to do?

POMPEY. What God wills.

Theophanes. If this is the end, I wish it to be the end. Those arrangements of the fleet. Cancel them. You understand. Go to Cato. Tell Cato to submit to Cæsar. War will only mean more bloodshed. He cannot stand against Cæsar. I could have.

Scipio's daughter. Make your father submit to Cæsar. Keep my sons out of it. Tell them. End the war. Life is very grand, but there is something behind it. Something which strikes a mean. I had my hand on it. Come. Courage. These are Egyptians. [*To CORNELIA.*]

Captain. You must sail. Stand by.

What else is there? Asia. Theophanes. Asia must submit. Send to the Kings. The world must make what terms it can. This is all in the event. If this is the end. You understand? If not, you know my orders.

Philip. Scythes. Cotta. Go down into the boat.

PHILIP. My lord. I've served you a long time, my lord.

POMPEY. What is it, Philip? [*COTTA and SCYTHES go.*]

PHILIP. My lord. My old, beloved lord.

POMPEY. Why, Philip. We are the only ones left. We are two old Sulla's men. Have you my cloak in the boat?

PHILIP. Forty years, my lord.

POMPEY. The brodered one. [*To CORNELIA.*] Your gift. Come. Carry it down, man.

PHILIP. I wish it was to begin all over again. [*Exit.*]

ACHIL. Will you come into the boat? The King is waiting.

CORN. Cneius. My husband. My husband.

POMPEY. God only lends us.

If the King keep faith. We shall have time. Time for what we must imagine. If not. We know our love. The gods treasure you. [*He goes towards gangway.*]

Remember, Captain.

Theophanes. If I fail, you must warn Lentulus.

[*He goes to gangway. The Bosun starts to pipe the side. POMPEY turns to the Boy. Bo'sun stops his pipe. POMPEY takes figs from fife-rail and gives them to the Boy.*]

Can you eat figs? [*The Boy mumbles.*]

What is your name? [*The Boy bursts into tears.*]

ACHIL. [*at gangway*]. Give me your hand. I take your hand down.

POMPEY [*pausing in the gangway and looking back. Sadly. To Theophanes*].

'Into a tyrant's court the truly brave

Goes proudly, though he go to die a slave.'

[*He goes down. The Bo'sun pipes the side.*]

SEPT. [*coldly*]. Back your port oars. Shove off. Give way together.

THE CAPT. [*softly to Mate*]. Go on there. Man your halliards.

THE MATE. Take the turns off. Stretch it along. Softly now. Stand by.

[*The Seamen coming behind CORNELIA, man the halliards. The Chantyman stands on the bitts. All look after the boat.*]

THE CHANTY. There's a lot of troops ashore.

THE MATE. S's't.

CORN. They are not talking to him.

THEO. He is reading his speech. [*Pause.*] He organises everything. Cæsar improvises.

CORN. There they go out of the sun.

THEO. The hill casts a long shadow.

CORN. What is the name of the hill?

THE CAPT. Mount Cassius, lady.

THEO. [*quickly*]. They are coming with banners. Look.

CORN. He is safe.

THEO. There comes the King. Hark!\* Trumpets. They're saluting. He is standing up to land.

CORN. Ah! Swords. He is stabbed.

THEO. Ah! you gods. You gods!

CORN. Oh! He is killed! He is killed! He is killed!

THEO. [*covering his eyes*]. The devils! The devils! [*She collapses.*]

THE MATE. They stabbed him in the back.

ANTISTIA. It's ebb-tide now, my beauty.

THE CAPT. [*yelling*]. Cut the cable.

[*Chopping forward.*]

A VOICE. All gone, the cable.

THE MATE. Let fall.

A VOICE. All gone.

THE MATE. Sheet home. Hoist away.

THE MEN. Ho.

[*They haul.*]

THE CHANTY. Away ho!

[*The Men haul.*]

[*He intones in a clear loud voice. The Seamen sing the chorus, hauling.*]

[*This song is sung like an ordinary halliard chanty. The chorus is to the tune of the old chanty of 'Hanging Johnny.' The solo will be intoned clearly, without tune. It goes to fast time, the chorus starting almost before the soloist ends his line. The Men must haul twice, in the proper manner, in each chorus. The hauling will have for natural accom-*]



*paniments the whine of the three-sheaved block, the grunt of the parrels and the slat from the great sail.*

THE CHANTY.

Kneel to the beautiful women who bear us this strange brave fruit.

THE MEN. Away, i-oh.

THE CHANTY.

Man with his soul so noble: man half god and half brute.

THE MEN. So away, i-oh.

THE CHANTY.

Women bear him in pain that he may bring them tears.

CHORUS.

THE CHANTY.

He is a king on earth, he rules for a term of years.

CHORUS.

THE CHANTY.

And the conqueror's prize is dust and lost endeavour.

CHORUS.

THE CHANTY.

And the beaten man becomes a story for ever.

CHORUS.

THE CHANTY.

For the gods employ strange means to bring their will to be.

CHORUS.

THE CHANTY.

We are in the wise gods' hands and more we cannot see.

CHORUS. So away, i-oh.

A VOICE. High enough.

THE MATE. Lie to. [*The Seamen lay to the fall.*] Make fast.

Coil up.

A VOICE. All clear to seaward.

THE CAPT. Pipe down. [*The Bosun pipes the belay.*]

*Curtain.*

## NOTES

## ON THE APPEARANCE OF POMPEY.

Portraits exist of Cneius Pompeius Magnus. The most important of these is a marble bust at Copenhagen. Several likenesses are to be found on the gold and silver coins struck by his son, Sextus, in Spain. Plutarch says of him that, 'being come to man's state, there appeared in his gesture and behaviour a grave and princely majesty. His hair also stood a little upright, and the cast and soft moving of his eyes, had a certain resemblance (as they said) of the statues and images of Alexander the Great.' This resemblance may still be traced.

At the time of his murder he was fifty-eight years old, a powerful, very active man, in the prime of life. His bust, evidently done towards the end of his life, shows that his hair, which was thick, coarse, and worn rather long, still tended to stand a little upright. The head is of great breadth at the eyes. The brow is low, and lined with three deep lines of wrinkles going right across it in irregular M shape. The eyebrows are well marked: the supra-orbital ridge is heavy. The nose is full and strong, with the broad base which is so good an index of intellectual power. The septum is of great breadth. The mouth is of that kindly tightness which one sees in the portraits of some of our Admirals. Below the mouth is a deep horizontal dent. The chin is not cloven. The face is lined a good deal. A deep straight wrinkle runs from each side of the nose to the puckered angles of the mouth. The eyes are crows-footed. There are no indications as to the colour of the hair and eyes. The shape of the head suggests the brown or fair type of man. At the time of his death he was perhaps grizzled.

No known portrait exists of any of the other characters. Metellus came of a family once distinguished for pointed noses, Domitius of a family once famed for red hair. Cornelia was famous for a grave and gentle beauty. She was young, though already a widow, when Pompey married her, a few months before the civil trouble began.

## ON THE FATE OF THE PERSONS IN THIS TRAGEDY.

*Philip.* After religiously burning his master's body on the sea-shore, disappears from history.

*Metellus Scipio.* Fled from Pharsalia to Africa, where he carried on the war until 46 B.C., when he was defeated by Cæsar at Thapsus. Flying from Africa by sea, in bad weather, he was forced to put into the port of Hippo, where one of Cæsar's fleets

lay at anchor. A battle followed. He is said to have drowned himself shortly before his ship was sunk.

*Cn. Pompeius Theophanes.* Returned to Italy, and was pardoned by Cæsar. He attained great fame as a writer. After his death the Lesbians paid him divine honours. His son held office under Augustus.

*Marcus Cato.* After Pharsalia, joined Scipio in Africa, and held command under him. He killed himself in Utica, shortly after the battle of Thapsus, so that he might not live to see the final extinction of liberty. His son was killed at Philippi, 'valiantly fighting against Augustus,' four years later.

*Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus.* Was killed (some say by Mark Antony) either in the battle, or in the rout, of Pharsalia, at which he commanded the great brigade of horse, on the left of Pompey's army.

*Marcus Acilius Glabrio.* Continued in Cæsar's service, and rose to be governor of Achaia.

*Lucius Lucceius.* Returned to Rome, and received Cæsar's pardon. He was praised by Cicero for the excellence of his historical writings.

*Lucius Afranius.* After Pharsalia, joined Scipio in Africa, and held command under him, till the battle of Thapsus. While riding through Mauretania, on his way to Spain, after that disaster, he was ambushed and taken by Cæsar's lieutenant, P. Silius. A few days later, the troops of Silius killed him in a camp riot.

*Lentulus Spinther.* After Pharsalia, fled to Rhodes, where he was refused permission to land. He set sail again 'much against his will,' and either 'perished ingloriously' or disappeared from history.

*Achillas Egyptian.* Was killed by Arsinoë (Ptolemy's sister) and the eunuch Ganymed in the year after Pompey's murder.

#### ON THE HOUSE OF POMPEY, AFTER THE MURDER.

*Cornelia.* After seeing her husband killed, fled to Cyrene, and thence to Rome, where, in time, Pompey's ashes were brought to her. She is said to have buried them 'in a town of hers by the city of Alba,' in Liguria.

*Cn. Pompeius Magnus,* the Triumvir's eldest son, by his third wife, Mucia, held Coreyra for a time, showing courage and bold strategic ideas. On hearing of his father's death, he went to Spain, where he raised a great army. He was defeated at the bloody battle of Munda, in the year 45. Soon after the battle, he was betrayed, taken and killed. His head was carried to Seville and exposed there to the public gaze.

*Sextus Pompeius Magnus.* The younger son (also by Mucia) continued the war in Africa, with Cato's party, till after the battle of Thapsus. He then joined his brother in Spain. After Cæsar's murder, he was proscribed by Octavian, and took the seas, with a fleet, burning, sinking and intercepting commerce, till Octavian came to terms. On the recommencement of war between them, his fleet was beaten by Octavian's fleet under Agrippa. After trying vainly to beat up a force in Asia, he was taken and put to death at Miletus (probably by the order of Mark Antony) in the year 35.

He left a daughter whose fate is uncertain. She was with him in Asia in 36.

*Pompeia.* The daughter (also by Mucia) married Faustus, the son of Sulla, who was killed with Afranius in the mutiny of the troops of P. Silius, in Africa in 46. She afterwards married L. Cornelius Cinna. It is not known when she died; but it is certain that she predeceased her brother, Sextus. She had a son by Cornelius Cinna, who came to be Consul in A.D. 5. What became of her children by Faustus is not known.

And all their passionate hearts are dust,  
And dust the great idea that burned  
In various flames of love and lust  
Till the world's brain was turned.

God, moving darkly in men's brains,  
Using their passions as his tool,  
Brings freedom with a tyrant's chains  
And wisdom with the fool.

Blindly and bloodily we drift,  
Our interests clog our hearts with dreams.  
God make my brooding soul a rift  
Through which a meaning gleams.

*Feb. 8, 1908.*

*July 5, 1909.*

APR 6 1910

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

APR 18 1976

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 707 823 7